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THE
Worthines
of Wales:

Wherein are more then a thouſand ſeuerall things rehearſed: ſome ſet out in proſe to the pleaſure of the Reader, and with ſuch varietie of verſe for the beautifying of the Book, as no doubt ſhal delight thouſands to vnderſtand.

Which worke is enterlarded with many wonders and right ſtrange matter to conſider of: All the which labour and deuice is drawne forth and ſet out by Thomas Churchyard, *to the glorie of God, and honour of his Prince and Countrey.*

¶Imprinted at London, by G. *Robinſon, for Thomas Cadman.*

1587.

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To the Queenes

moſt Excellent Maieſtie, Elizabeth,

by the grace of God, Queene of England,
Fraunce and Ireland, &c. Thomas Church-
yard wiſheth alwayes bleſſednes, good fortune,
victorie, and worldly honour, with the encreaſe
of quiet raigne, vertuous lyfe, and moſt
Princely gouernment.

MOST Redoubted and Royall Queene, that Kings doe feare, Subiects doe honour, ſtrangers ſeeke ſuccour of, and people of ſpeciall ſpirit acknowledge (as their manifold books declare) I leaſt of all, preſume to farre, either in preſenting matter to be iudged of, or to aduenture the cracking of credite, with writing any thing, that may breede miſlike (preſents not well taken) in the deepe iudgement of ſo high and mightie a Princeſſe. But where a multitude runnes forward (forced through deſire or fortune) to ſhewe duetie, or to ſee what falleth out of their forwardnes, I ſtepping in among the reſt, am driuen and led (by affec-

tion to followe) beyond the force of my power or feeling of any learned arte. So being thruſt on with the throng, I finding my ſelf brought before the preſence of your Maieſtie (but barely furniſhed of knowledge) to whom I muſt vtter ſome matter of delight, or from whom I muſt retourne all abaſhed with open diſgrace. Thus Gracious Lady, vnder your Princely fauour I haue vndertaken to ſet foorth a worke in the honour of VVales, where your highnes auncestors tooke name, and where your Maieſtie is as much loued and feared, as in any place of your highneſſe dominion. And the loue and obedience of which people ſo exceedes, and ſurpaſſeth the common good-will of the worlde, that it ſeemeth a wonder in our age (wherein are ſo many writers) that no one man doth not worthely according to the countries goodnes ſet forth that noble Soyle and Nation. Though in deede diuers haue ſleightly written of the ſame, and ſome of thoſe labours deſerueth the reading, yet except the eye be a witnes to their workes, the writers can not therein ſufficiently yeeld due commendation to thoſe ſtately Soyles and Principalities. For which cauſe I haue trauayled ſondry times of purpoſe through the ſame, and what is written of I haue beheld, and throughly ſeene, to my great con-

tentment

tentment and admiration. For the Citties, Townes, and goodly Castles thereof are to be mused on, and merites to bee registred in euerlasting memorie, but chiefly the Castles (that stand like a company of Fortes) may not be forgotten, their buyldings are so princely, their strength is so greate, and they are such stately seates and defences of nature. To which Castles great Royaltie and liuings belongeth, and haue bene and are in the giftes of Princes, now possessed of noble men and such as they appoint to keep them. The royalties whereof are alwayes looked vnto, but the Castles doe dayly decay, a sorrowfull sight and in a maner remediles. But nowe to come to the cõditions of the people, & to shew somewhat of their curtesie, loyalty, & naturall kindnes, I presume your Maiestie will pardon me to speake of, for of trueth your highnes is no soner named among them, but such a generall reioysing doth arise, as maketh glad any good mans hart to behold or heare it, it proceeds of such an affectionate fauour. For let the meaneſt of the Court come downe to that countrey, he shalbe so saluted, halsed and made of, as though he were some Lords sonne of that soyle, & further the plain people thinks it debt & duetie, to follow a strangers Stirrop (being out of the way) to bring him where

he wiſheth, which gentlenes in all countries is not vſed, and yet beſides all this goodnes and great regard, there is neither hewe nor cry (for a robbery) in many hundreth myles riding, ſo whether it be for feare of iuſtice, loue of God, or good diſpoſition, ſmall Robberies or none at all are heard of there. They triumph likewiſe ſo much of fidelitie, that the very name of a falſifier of promes, a murtherer or a theef, is moſt odious among them, eſpecially a Traytor is ſo hated, that his whole race is rated at and abhord as I haue heard there, report of Parrie and others, who the common people would haue torne in peeces if the lawe had not proceeded. And ſuch regard they haue one of another, that neither in market townes, high wayes, meetings, nor publicke aſſemblies they ſtriue not for place, nor ſhewe any kind of royſting: for in ſted of ſuch high ſtomackes and ſtoutnes, they vſe frendly ſalutations and courteſie, acknowledging duetie thereby, & doing ſuch reuerence to their betters, that euery one in his degree is ſo well vnderſtood and honored, that none can iuſtly ſay hee hath ſuffered iniurie, or found offence by the rude & burbarous behauiour of the people. Theſe vſages of theirs, with the reſt that may be ſpoken of their ciuil maner and honeſt frame of lyfe, doth argue there is

ſome

ſome more nobler nature in that Nation; then is generally reported, which I doubt not but your Highnes is as willing to heare as I am deſirous to make manifeſt and publiſh: the hope whereof redoubleth my boldnes, and may happely ſheeld me from the hazard of worlds haſtie iudgement, that condemnes men without cauſe for writing that they know, and prayſing of people before their faces: (which ſuſpicious heads call a kind of adulation) but if telling of troth, be rebukable, and playne ſpeeches be offenſiue, the ignorant world ſhall dwell long in errors, and true writers may ſodaynly ſit in ſilence. I haue not only ſearched ſondry good Authors for the confirmation of my matter, but alſo paynfully traueiled to trye out the ſubſtance of that is written, for feare of committing ſome vnpardonable fault and offence, in preſenting this Booke vnto your Highneſſe. VVhich worke, albeit it is but litle, (becauſe it treateth not of many Shieres) yet greatly it ſhal reioyce the whole Countrey of VVales, whē they ſhall heare it hath found fauour in your gracious ſight, & hath paſſed through thoſe bleſſed hands, that holds the rayne and bridle of many a ſtately Kingdome, and Terrytorie. And my ſelfe ſhall reape ſo much gladneſſe, by the free paſſage of this ſimple labour, that here-

hereafter I ſhall goe through (GOD ſparing life) with the reſt of the other Shieres not heere named. Theſe things only taken in hād, to cauſe your Highneſſe to knowe, what puyſance and ſtrength ſuch a Princeſſe is of, that may commaund ſuch a people: and what obedience loue and loyaltie is in ſuch a Countrey, as hereunto hath bin but little ſpoken of, and yet deſerueth moſt greateſt lawdation. And in deede the more honorable it is, for that your Highneſſe princely Auncеſtors ſprong forth of the noble braunches of that Nation. Thus duetifully praying for your Maieſties long preſeruation, (by whoſe bountie and goodneſſe I a long while haue liued) I wiſh your Highneſſe all the hap, honour, victorie, and harts eaſe, that can be deſired or imagined.

Your Highneſſe humble Seruant and Subiect, Thomas Churchyard.

To euery louing and *friendly Reader.*

T may ſeeme ſtraunge (good Reader) that I haue choſen in the end of my daies to trauaile, and make diſcription of Countries: whereas the beginning of my youth (and a long while after) I haue haũted the warres, and written ſomewhat of Martiall Diſcipline: but as euery ſeaſon breedeth a ſeuerall humour, and the humours of men are diuers: (drawing the mynd to ſondrie diſpoſitions) ſo common occaſion that commands the iudgement, hath ſet me a worke, and the warme good will & affection, borne in breaſt, towards the worthie Countrey of Wales, hath haled me often forward, to take this labour in hand, which many before haue learnedly handled. But yet to ſhewe a difference in writing, and a playnneſſe in ſpeech (becauſe playne people affects no floriſhing phraſe) I haue now in as ample a maner (without borrowed termes) as I could, declared my opinion of that ſweete Soyle and good Subiects therof, euen at that very inſtant, when Wales was almoſt forgotten, or ſcarce remembred with any great lawdation, when it hath merited to be written of: for ſondrie famous cauſes moſt meete to be honored, and neceſſary to be touched in. Firſt, the world will confeſſe (or els it ſhall do wrong) that ſome of our greateſt Kings (that haue conquered much) were borne & bred in that Countrey: which Kings in their times, to the glory of England, haue wrought wonders, & brought great benefites to our weale publicke. Among the ſame Princes, I pray you giue me leaue to place our good Queene Elizabeth, and pardõ me withall to com-

mit you to the Chronicles, for the ſeeking out of her Auncestors noble actions, and ſuffer me to ſhewe a little of the goodneſſe, gathered by vs, from her Maieſties well doing, and poſſeſſed a long ſeaſon from her princely and iuſt dealings. An act ſo noble & notorious, that neither can eſcape immortall fame, nor ſhall not paſſe my pen vnreſited.

Now weigh in what plight was our ſtate when ſhe came firſt to the Crowne, and ſee how ſoone Religion was reformed, (a matter of great moment) peace planted, and warres vtterly extinguiſhed, as the ſequell yet falleth out.

Then behold how ſhe ſuccoured the afflicted in *Fraunce*, (let the going to *Newhauen* beare witneſſe) and chargeably without breaking of League mainteyned her friends and amazed her enemies.

Then looke into the ſeruice and preſeruation of *Scotland* (at the ſiege of *Leeth*) and ſee how finely the French were al ſhipped away (they being a great power) and ſent home in ſuch ſort, that neuer ſince they had mynd to returne thether againe, in that faſhion and forme that they ſayled towards *Scotland* at the firſt.

Then conſider how bace our money was, & in what ſhort tyme (with little loſſe to our Countrey) the bad coyne was conuerted to good ſiluer: and ſo is like to continue to the end of the world.

Then in the aduancing of Gods word and good people, regard how *Rochell* was relieued, and *Rone* and other places foūd cauſe to pray for her life, who ſought to purchace their peace and ſee them in ſafetie.

Then thinke on the care ſhe tooke for *Flaunders*, during the firſt troubles, and how that Countrey had bene vtterly deſtroyed, if her Highnes helping hand had not propped vp that tottering State.

Then Chriſtianly cōceiue how many multitudes of ſtrangers ſhe hath giuen gracious countenance vnto, and hath freely licenſed them to liue here in peace and reſt.

Then paiſe in an equall ballance the daungerous eſtate of *Scotland* once againe, when the Kings owne Subiects kept the

the Caſtle of *Edenbrough* againſt their owne naturall Lord & Maiſter: which preſumptuous part of Subiects, her Highneſſe could not abide to behold: wherevpon ſhe ſent a ſufficient power to ayde the Kings Maieſtie: which power valiantly wonne the Caſtle, and freely deliuered the ſame to the right owner thereof, with all the treaſure and priſoners therein.

Then regard how honourably ſhe hath dealt with diuers Princes that came to ſee her, or needed her magnificēt ſupportation and countenance.

Then looke throughly into the mightineſſe & managing of all matters gone about and put in exerciſe princely, and yet peaceably ſince the day of her Highneſſe Coronation, and you ſhalbe forced to confeſſe that ſhe ſurmounts a great number of her Predeceſſors: and ſhe is not at this day no whit inferiour to the greateſt Monarke of the world.

Is not ſuch a peereles Queene then, a comfort to Wales, a glorie to England, and a great reioyſing to all her good neighbours? And doth not ſhe daily deſerue to haue bookes dedicated in the higheſt degree of honor to her Highneſſe? Yes vndoubtedly, or els my ſences and iudgement fayleth me.

So (good Reader) do iudge of my labours: my pen is procured by a band of cauſes to write as farre as my knowledge may leade: and my ductie hath no end of ſeruice, nor no limits are ſet to a loyall Subiect, but to wiſh and worke to the vttermoſt of power.

Within this worke are ſeuerall diſcourſes: ſome of the beautie & bleſſednes of the Countrey: ſome of the ſtrength and ſtatelyneſſe of their inpregnable Caſtles: ſome of their trim Townes and fine ſituation: ſome of their antiquitie, ſhewing from what Kings and Princes they tooke their firſt name and prerogatiue. So generally of all maner of matters belonging to that Soyle, as Churches, Monuments, Mountaynes, Valleys, Waters, Bridges, fayre Gentlemens houſes, and the reſt of things whatſoeuer, may become a writers pen to touch, or a readers iudgement to knowe. I write not

William Malmesburie de regibus anglorum.

Dauid Powell a late writer, yet excellently learned, made a ſharp inuectiue againſt William Paruus and Polidor Virgill (& all their complices) accuſing them of lying tongues, enuyous detraction, malicious ſlaunders, reproachfull and venomous language, wilfull ignorãce, dogged enuie, and canckered mindes, for that thei ſpake vnreuerently of Arthur, and many other thriſe noble Princes.

Ieffrey of Monmouth.

Matthewe of Weſtminſter, and others are here in like ſort to be read & looked on.

contenciouſly to find fault with any, or confute the former writers and tyme: but to aduaunce and winne credite to the preſent trueth, agreeing and yeelding to all former tymes and ages, that hath iuſtly giuen euery Nation their due, and truely without affection hath ſet downe in plaine words the worthines of plaine people: for I honor and loue as much a true Author, as I hate and deteſt a reporter of trifeling fables. A true Hiſtorie is called the Miſtreſſe of life: and yet all Hiſtoryographers in writing of one thing, agree not well one with another: becauſe the writers were not preſent in the tymes, in the places, nor ſaw the perſons they make mẽtion of: but rather haue leaned and liſtned on the common report, than ſtayed or truſted to their owne experience.

Strabo a moſt famous writer findes fault (for the like occaſion) with *Erſtaotheus*, *Metrodorus*, *Septius*, *Poſſidonius*, and *Patrocles* the Geographer: And ſuch diſcord did ariſe amõg writers in tyme paſt, as *Ioſephus* ſaith againſt *Appio*, that they reproued one another by bookes, and all men in generall reproued *Herodotus*.

God ſhield me from ſuch caueling: for I deliuer but what I haue ſeene and read: alledging for defence both auncient Authors, and good tryall of that is written. Wherefore (louing Reader) doe rather ſtruggle with thoſe two ſtrong pillars of knowledge, than ſtriue with the weakneſſe of my inuention: which to auoyde ſharpneſſe (and bitter words) is ſweetned and ſeaſoned with gentle verſes, more pleaſant to ſome mens eares then proſe, and vnder whoſe ſmooth grace of ſpeech, more acceptable matter is conuayed, then the common ſort of people can comprehend. For verſes like a familiar friend (with a gallant phraſe) rides quietly by thouſands, and daſheth no one perſon, and galloping cleanly away merites no rebuke: when proſe with a ſoft pace cannot with ſuch cunning paſſe vnperceiued. But albis one when in neither of both is found no matter of miſtruſt, nor ſpeeches to offend, there is no cauſe of diſlike. So crauing thy good opinion, good Reader farewell.

A true note of the

auncient Caſtles, famous Monu-

ments, goodly Riuers, faire Bridges,
fine Townes, and courteous people,
that I haue ſeene in the noble
Countrie of *Wales*.

THrough ſondrie Soyles, and ſtately Kingdomes ritch,
Long haue I traeſt, to tread out time and peares:
Where I at will, haue ſurely ſeene right mitch,
As by my woyks, and printed bookes appeares.
And wearied thus, with toyle in foyrayne place,
I homeward dyue, to take ſome reſt a ſpace:
But labouring mynd, that reſts not but in bed,
Began a freſh, to trouble reſtles hed.

The Authors troubleſome life briefely ſet downe.

Then newfound toyles, that hales men all in haſte,
To runne on head, and loke not where they goe:
Bade reaſon ride, where loue ſhould be enbyaſte,
And where tyme could, his labour beſt beſtowe.
To Wales (quoth Wit), there doth plaine people dwell,
So mayſt thou come, to heauen out of hell:
Foy Fraunce is fine, and full of faithleſſe waies,
Pooye Flaunders groſſe, and farre from happie daies.

A ſhort note of the nature of many Coũtries, with the diſpoſition of the people there.

Ritch Spayne is proude, and ſterne to ſtraungers all,
In Italie, poyſning is alwaies rife:

And Germanie, to Drunkennesse doth fall,
The Danes likewise, doe leade a bibbing life.
The Scots seeke bloud, and beare a cruell mynd,
Ireland growes nought, the people ware vnkynd:
England God wot, hath learnde such leawdnesse late,
That Wales methinks, is now the soundest state.

A commendation of the loyaltie of Welshmen.

In all the rest, of Kingdomes farre or nere,
A tricke or two, of treacherie staynes the Soyle:
But since the tyme, that rule and lawe came here,
This Brittish land, was neuer put to foyle,
For foule offence, or fault it did commit:
The people here, in peace doth quiet sit,
Obayes the Prince, without reuolt or farre,
Because they know, ethe smart of Ciuill warre.

A rehearsall of great strife and dissention that ruinated Wales.

Whiles quarrels rage, did nourish rupne and wracke,
And Owen Glendore, set blodie broyles abroach:
Full many a Towne, was spoyld and put to sacke,
And cleane consum'd, to Countries foule reproach.
Great Castles raste, fayre Buyldings burnt to dust,
Such reuell raignde, that men did liue by lust:
But since they came, and yeelded vnto Lawe,
Most meeke as Lambe, within one poke they drawe.

How Lawe and loue links men together like brethren.

Like brethren now, doe Welshmen still agree,
In as much loue, as any men aliue:
The friendship there, and concord that I see,
I doe compare, to Bees in Honey hiue.
Which keepe in swarme, and hold together still,
Yet gladly showe, to straunger great good will:
A courteous kynd, of loue in euery place,
A man may finde, in simple peoples face.

The accustomed courtesie of Wales.

Passe where you please, on Plaine or Mountaine wilde,
And beare your selfe, in sweete and ciuill sort:

And you ſhall ſure, be hauſt with man and childe,
Who will ſalute, with gentle comely port
The paſſers by: on braues they ſtand not ſo,
Without good ſpeech, to let a trau'ler go:
They thinke it dett, and duetie franke and free,
In Towne or fielde, to yeld you cap and knee.

They will not ſtriue, to royſt and take the way,
Of any man, that trauailes through their Land:
A greater thing, of Wales now will I ſay,
Ye may come there, beare purſe of gold in hand,
Or mightie bagges, of ſiluer ſtuffed throwe,
And no one man, dare touch your treaſure now:
Which ſhewes ſome grace, doth rule and guyde them there,
That doth to God, and man ſuch Conſcience beare.

No ſuch theft and robberie in Wales as in other Countries.

Behold beſides, a further thing to note,
The beſt cheape cheare, they haue that may be found:
The ſhot is great, when each mans paies his groate,
If all alike, the reckoning runneth round.
There market good, and victuals nothing deare,
Each place is filde, with plentie all the peare:
The ground mannurde, the graine doth ſo encreaſe,
That thouſands liue, in wealth and bleſſed peace.

Victuals good cheape in moſt part of Wales.

But come againe, vnto their courteous ſhoe,
That wins the hearts, of all that markes the ſame:
The like whereof, through all the world doe goe,
And ſcarce ye ſhall, finde people in ſuch frame.
For meeke as Doue, in lookes and ſpeech they are,
Not rough and rude, (as ſpitefull tongues declare)
No ſure they ſeeme, no ſooner out of ſhell,
(But nature ſhewes) they knowe good maners well.

A great rebuke to thoſe that ſpeakes not truely of Wales.

How can this be, that weaklings nurſt ſo harde,
(Who barely goes, both barefoote and vncled)

Good diſpoſition neuer wants good maners.

In gifts of mynd, ſhould haue ſo great regarde,
Except within, from birth ſome grace were bred.
It muſt be ſo, doe wit not me deceaue,
What nature giues, the world cannot bereaue:
In this remaines, a ſecrete worke deuine,
Which ſhewe they riſe, from auncient race and line.

Good & true Authors that affirmes more goodneſſe in Wales than I write of.

In Authors old, you ſhall that plainly reade,
Geraldus one, and learned Geffrey two:
The third for truth, is Venerable Beade,
That many graue, and worthie workes did doe.
What néedes this proofe, or genalogies here,
Their noble blood, doth by their liues appeare:
Their ſtately Townes, and Caſtles euery where,
Of their renowme, doth daily witneſſe beare.

A deſcription of Mon-
mouth Shiere.

Two Riuers by Mõmouth, the one called Monnow, and the other Wye.

FIrſt I begin, at auncient Monmouth now,
That ſtands by Wye, a Riuer large and long:
I will that Shiere, and other Shieres goe throwe,
Deſcribe them all, or els I did them wrong.
It is great blame, to writers of our daies,
That treates of world, and giues to Wales no praiſe:
They rather hyde, in clowde (and cunning foyle)
That Land than yéeld, right glorie to that Soyle,

King Henry the fifth.

A King of ours, was borne in Monmouth ſure,
The Caſtle there, records the ſame a right:
And though the walles, which cannot ſtill endure,
Through ſore decay, ſhewes nothing fayre to ſight.

Neere the Towne Sir Charles Harbert of Troy dwelt in a faire Seate called Troy.

In Seate it ſelfe, (and well plaſte Citie old)
By view ye may, a Princely plot behold:

Good myndes they had, that firſt thoſe walles did raiſe,
That makes our age, to thinke on elders daies.

At Wyneſtow now dwels Sir Thomas Harbert, a little from the ſame Troy.

The King here borne, did proue a peereles Prince,
He conquerd Fraunce, and raign'd nine yeeres in hap:
There was not here, ſo great a Victor ſince,
That had ſuch chaunce, and Fortune in his lap.
For he by fate, and force did couet all,
And as turne came, ſtroke hard at Fortunes ball:
With manly mynd, and ran a reddie way,
To loſe a ioynt, or winne the Gole by play.

If Monmouth bring, ſuch Princes forth as this,
A Soyle of grace, it ſhalbe calde of right:
Speake what you can, a happie Seate it is,
A trim Shiere towne, for Noble, Barron or Knight.
A Cittie ſure, as free as is the beſt,
Where Size is kept, and learned Lawyers reſt:
Buylt auncient wiſe, in ſweete and wholeſome ayre,
Where the beſt ſort, of people oft repayre.

Maiſter Roger Ieames dwelt at Troy nere this Towne.

Not farre from thence, a famous Caſtle ſtine,
That Raggland hight, ſtands moted almoſt round:
Made of Freeſtone, vpright as ſtraight as line,
Whoſe workmanſhip, in beautie doth abound.
The curious knots, wrought all with edged tole,
The ſtately Tower, that lookes ore Pond and Pole:
The Fountaine trim, that runs both day and night,
Doth yeeld in ſhowe, a rare and noble ſight.

The Earle of Worceſters houſe and Caſtle.
The Earle of Penbroke that was created Earle by King Edward the 4. buylt the Caſtell of Raggland ſumptuouſly at the firſt.

Now Chepſtowe comes, to mynd (as well it may)
Whoſe Seate is ſet, ſome part vpon an hill:
And through the Towne, to Neawport lyes a way,
That ore a Bridge, on Wye you ride at will.
This Bridge is long, the Riuer ſwift and great,
The Mountaine bigge, about doth ſhade the Seate:

Earle of Worceſter Lord hereof.
A faire bridge.
Maiſter Lewis of Saint Peere dwelles neere that.

Sir Charles Sommerſet at the Grange doth dwell now.

The craggie Rocks, that oꝛe the Towne doth lye,
Of force farre of, doth hinder viewe of eye.

Sir William Morgan that is dead dwelt at Pennycoyd.

The common Poꝛt, and Hauen is ſo good,
It merits praiſe, becauſe Barkes there doe ride:
To which the Sea, comes in with flowing flood,
And doth foure howers, aboue the Bꝛidge abide.
Beyond the ſame, doth Tynterne Abbey ſtand,
As old a Sell, as is within that Land:
Where diuers things, hath bene right woꝛthie note,
Whereof as yet, the troth I haue not gote.

Harbet of Colbroke buryed there.

Chepſtow.

In the Caſtle there is an ancient tower called Longis tower, wherby reſts a tale to be conſidered of.

To Chepſtowe yet, my pen agayne muſt paſſe,
Where Strongbow once, (an Earle of rare renowne)
A long time ſince, the Loꝛd and Maiſter was
(In pꝛincely ſoꝛt) of Caſtle and of Towne.
Then after that, to Mowbray it befell,
Of Norffolke Duke, a woꝛthie knowne full well:
Who ſold the ſamet, o William Harbert Knight,
That was the Earle, of Penbrooke then by right.

Of this Earle is a great and worthie tale to be heard

A peece of a petigree.

Earle Strongbowe was maried to the King of Lynſters Daughter in Ireland, and this Strongbowe wan by force of armes the Earledoms of Wolſter & Tyroll.

His eldeſt Sonne, that did ſucceede his place,
(Of Huntyngton: and Penbrooke Earle likewiſe)
Had but one childe, a Daughter of great race:
And ſhe was matcht, with pompe and ſolempne guiſe,
To Somerſet, that was Loꝛd Chamberlaine,
And made an Earle, in Henry ſeuenths raigne:
Of him doth come, Earle Woꝛſter liuing nowe,
Who buildeth vp, the houſe of Raggland thꝛowe.

A Creation of an Earle.

EDward by the grace of God, King moſt imperiall,
Of France, & England, & the Loꝛd of Ireland therwithall,
To Archbiſhops, & Biſhops all, to Abbotes and to Pꝛiors
To Dukes, to Earles, to Barrons, & to Sheriffes of the ſhires,

To

To Iuſtices, to Maiors, and chiefe of Townly gouernment,
To Baylieffes, & my lichefolke all, haue herewith greeting ſent.
Knowe ye whereas we iudge it is a gracious Prince his parte,
To yeeld loue, fauour, and reward to men of great deſarte:
Who of himſelfe, his Royall houſe, and of the publique ſtate,
Haue well deſeru'd, their vertues rare euer to renumerate:
And to adorne with high reward, ſuch vertue cleere and bright,
Stirs others vp to great attempts, and faintnes puts to flight.
We following on the famous courſe, ỳ former Kings haue run,
That worthie & approued wight, whoſe deedes moſt nobly dun,
Haue greateſt things of vs deſeru'd, we do intend to raiſe,
To fame and honors higheſt type, with gifts of Princely praiſe,
That truely regall are we meane, that valiant worthie Knight,
That William Herbert hath to name, & now L. Herbert hight.
Whoſe ſeruice whē we firſt did raigne, we did moſt faithful find.
When for our royal right we fought, which ſtil we call to mind:
To which we ad from then till now, continuall ſeruices,
Which many were whereof each one, to vs moſt pleaſing is.
And chiefly when as lately now, his deedes did him declare,
A worthie Knight wherby he gayn'd, both fame and glorie rare:
When as that Rebell and our foe, euen Iaſper Tudyrs ſonne,
who ſaid he Earle of Penbroke was, did weſtwales coaſt orerū.
And there by ſubtile ſhifts and force, did diuers ſondrie waies
Anoy our State, and therewithall a vyle Sedition raiſe.
But there he gaue to him a fielde, and with a valiant hand
Orethrew him and his forces all, that on his part did ſtand.
And marching all along thoſe Coaſts, ỳ moſt he ſlew out right,
The reſt he brake and ſo diſperſt, they gaue themſelues to flight.
Our Caſtle then of Hardelach, that from our firſt daies raigne,
A refuge for all Rebels did, againſt vs ſtill remaine:
A Fort of wonderous force, beſiege about did he,
And toke it, where in moſt mens mynds, it could not taken be.
He wan it & did make them yeeld, who there their ſaftie ſought,
And all the Countrie thereabouts, to our obedience brought.
Theſe therefore his moſt worthie Acts, we calling into minde,
His ſeruices and great deſarts, which we praiſe worthie finde:

And

And for that cauſe we willing him, with honors royally
For to adorne, decke, and aduaunce, and to ſublime on hye.
The eight day of September, in the eight yeare of our Raigne,
We by this Charter, that for ours ſhall firme for euer remaine
Of ſpeciall grace and knowledge ſure, ſound and determinate,
And motiõ meere him William doe, of Penbroke Count create
Erect, preferre, and vnto him the Title ſtile and ſtate,
And name thereof and dignitie, forever appropriate,
As Earle of Penbroke and withall, we giue all rights that do
All honors and preheminence, that ſtate pertayne vnto:
With which eſtate, ſtile, honor, great, and worthie dignitie,
By cincture of a Sword, we him ennoble reallie.

The Authors verſes in the honor of noble mynds.

For that the ſence, and worthie words were great,
The ſeruice ſuch, as merites noble fame:
The forme thereof, in verſe I doe repeate,
And ſhewe likewiſe, the Lattin of the ſame.
He ſeru'd a King, that could him well reward,
And of his houſe, and race toke great regard,
And recompenſt, his manly doing right,
With honor due, to ſuch a noble Knight.

Good men are made of, and bad men rebuked.

Where loyall mynd, doth offer life and all,
For to preſerue, the Prince and publique ſtate:
There doth great hap, and thankfull Fortune fall,
As guerdon ſent, by deſtnie and good fate.
No Soueraine can, forget a Subiects troeth,
With whoſe good grace, great loue and fauour goeth:
Great gifts and place, great glorie and renowne,
They get and gayne, that truely ſerues a Crowne.

Sir William Harbert of Saint Gillyans.

And thou my Knight, that art his heire in blood,
Though Lordſhip, land, and Ragglands ſtately towers,
A female heire, and force of fortunes flood
Haue thée bereft, yet beareſt his fruits and flowers:

His armes, his name, his faith and mynd are thyne,
By nature, nurture, arte and grace deuyne:
The Seas and Lands, these moue thée paynes to take,
For God, for fame, for thy swéete Soueraines sake.

Here followeth the Creation *of an Earle of Penbroke in Latin.*

EDwardus Dei gracia Rex Anglię & Fraunciæ & Dominus Hiberniç, Archiepiſcopis, Epiſcopis, Abbatib', Prioribus, Ducibus, Comitibus, Baronibus, Iuſticiarijs, Vicecomitibus, Prepoſitis, Miniſtris, & omnibus Balliuis, & fidelibus ſuis, ſalutẽ. Sciatis quod cum felicis & grati admodum Regis munus cenſeamus, de ſe, de Regia domo, deque Republica & regno bene meritas perſonas, cõgruis amore, beneuolentia & liberalitate proſequi: denique & iuxta eximias probitates, eaſdem magnificentiùs ornare & decorare, quatenus in perſonis huiuſcemodi congeſtis clariſsimis virtutum prę̃mijs ceteri, ſocordia ignauiaque ſepoſitis ad peragenda pulcherrima quæque facinora laude & gloria concitentur: Nos ne à maiorum nrõ laudatiſsimis moribus diſcedere videamur, noſtri eſſe officij putamus probatiſsimũ nobis virum qui ob res ab ſe clariſsimè geſtas quàm maxima de nobis promeruit, condignis honorũ faſtigijs attollere & verè regijs inſignire muneribus. Strenuum & inſignem loquimur militẽ Willũm Herbert Dominum Herbart, iam defunctũ, cuius in regni noſtri primordijs obſequia gratiſsima tum nobis multipliciter impenſa cum nrõ pro iure decertaretur, ſatis ambiguè obliuiſci non poſſumus acceſſere & de poſt in hoc vſque temporis continuata ſeruicia, que non parum nobis fuere complacita, preſertim nuperimis hijs diebus quibus optimum ſe geſsit militem, ac non mediocres ſibi laudis & fame titulos comparauit. Hijs equidem iampridẽ cũ Rebellis, hoſtiſque noſtri Iaſper Owini Tedur filliũ, nuper Pembrochiæ ſe Comitem dicens, Walliæ partes peruaderet,

uaderet, multaque arte ad contra nos & ſtatum noſtrum vilem populo ſeditionem concitandum truculentiam moliretur, ſocietatis ſibi ad eandem rem conficiendam electiſsimis viris fidelibus noſtris arma cepit, confligendi copiam hoſtibus exhibuit, adeoque valida manu peruaſus ab ipſis partes peruagatus eſt & nuſquam eis locum permiſerit quo nō eos compliceſque affligauerit, vires eorūdem fregerit, morteque affecerit, ſeu deſperantes in fugam propulerit, demum Caſtrum noſtrum de Hardelagh nobis ab initio regni noſtri contrarium, quo vnicum miſeris patebat refugium, obſidione vallabat, quod capi impoſsible ferebatur, cepit, incluſos que ad deditionem compulit, adiacentem quoq; primam omnem noſtram Regiæ Maieſtati rebellem hactenus ad ſummam obedientiam reduxit. Hæc itaque ſua laudabilia obſequia, promeritaque memoriter & vt decet intimè recolentes volenteſque proinde eundem Willūm condignis honoribus, regalibúſque præmijs ornare amplicare & ſublimare, octauo die Septembris anno regni noſtri octauo, per Chartam noſtram de gratia noſtra ſpeciali ac ex certa ſcientia & mero motu noſtris ipſum Willūm in Comitem Pembrochiæ ereximus, præfecerimus, & creauerimus, & ei nomē, ſtatum, ſtilum, titulum, & dignitatem Comitis Pembrochie cum omnibus & ſingulis preëminencijs honoribus & ceteris quibuſcunque huius ſtatui Comitis pertinentibus, ſiue congruis dederimus & conceſſerimus, ipſumq; huiuſmodi ſtatu, ſtilo, titulo, honore, & dignitate per cincturam gladij inſigniuerimus, & realiter nobilitauerimus.

This was ſet downe, for cauſes more then one,
The world beléeues, no more than it hath ſeene:
When things lye dead, and tyme is paſt and gone,
Blynd people ſay, it is not ſo we weene.
It is a tale, deuiſde to pleaſe the eare,
More for delight, of toyes then troth may beare:
But thoſe that thinks, this may a fable be,
To Authors good, I ſend them here from me.

Firſt let them ſearch, Recoꝛds as I haue done,
Then ſhall they finde, this is moſt certaine true:
And all the reſt, beſoꝛe I here begun,
Is taken out, not of no wꝛiters nue.
The oldeſt ſoꝛt, and ſoundeſt men of ſkill
Myne Authoꝛs are, now reade their names who will:
Their woꝛkes, their woꝛds, and ſo their learning thꝛough,
Shall ſhewe you all, what troth I wꝛite of now.

BEcauſe many that fauoured not Wales (parſiall wꝛiters and hiſtoꝛians) haue wꝛitten & ſet downe their owne opinions, as they pleaſed to publiſh of that Countrey: I therefoꝛe a little degreſſe from the oꝛderly matter of the booke, and touch ſomewhat the woꝛkes and woꝛdes of them that raſhly haue wꝛitten moꝛe then they knewe, oꝛ well could pꝛoue.

As learned men, hath wꝛote graue woꝛks of poꝛe,
So great regard, to natiue Soyle they had:
Foꝛ ſuch reſpect, I blame now Pollydore:
Becauſe of Wales, his iudgement was but bad.
If Buckanan, the Scottiſh Poet late
Were here in ſpꝛite, of Brittons to debate:
He ſhould finde men, that would with him diſpute,
And many a pen, which would his woꝛks confute.

But with the dead, the quick may neuer ſtriue,
(Though ſondꝛie woꝛks, of theirs were little woꝛth)
Yet better farre, they had not bene aliue,
Than ſowe ſuch ſeedes, as bꝛings no gꝛodneſſe foꝛth:
Their pꝛaiſe is ſmall, that plucks backe others fame,
Their loue not great, that blots out neighbours name,
Their bookes but bꝛawles, their bable bauld and bare,
That in diſdaine, of fables wꝛiters are.

What fable moꝛe, then ſay they knowe that thing
They neuer ſawe, and ſo giue iudgement ſtreight:

And by their bookes, the world in error bring,
That thinks it reades, a matter of great weight.
When that a tale, of much vntroth is told:
Thus all that shines, and glisters is not gold:
Nor all the bookes, that auncient Fathers wrate
Are not alo'wd, for troth in euery state.

Though Cæsar was, a wise and worthie Prince,
And conquerd much, of Wales and England both:
The writers than, and other Authors since.
Did flatter tyme, and still abuse the troth.
Some for a fee, and some did humors feede,
When sore was healde, to make a wound to bleede:
And some sought meanes, their patient still to please,
When body throwe, was full of foule disease.

The worldly wits, that with each tyme would wagge,
Were caryed cleane, away from wisedomes lore:
They rather watcht, to fill an emptie bagge,
Than touch the tyme, then present or before:
Nor car'd not much, for future tyme to come,
They could by tyme, like thiefe about the thome:
And when their clue, on trifles all was spent,
Such rotten stuffe, vnto the garment went.

Which stuffe patcht vp, a peece of homely ware,
In Printers shop, set out to sale sometyme:
Which ill wrought worke, at length became so bare,
It neither seru'd, for prose nor pleasant tyme:
But past like chat, and old wives tales full vayne,
That thunders long, bnt neuer brings forth rayne:
A kynd of sound, that makes a hurling noyse,
To feare young babes, with brute of bugges and toyes.

But aged sires, of riper wit and skill,
Disdaines to reade, such rabble farst with lyes:

This

This is enough, to shewe you my goodwill
Of Authors true, and writers graue and wise.
Whose pen shall proue, each thing in printed booke,
Whose eyes withall, on matter straunge did looke:
And whose great charge, and labour witnesse beares,
Their words are iust, they offer to your eares.

Each Nation had, some writer in their daies
For to aduaunce, their Countrey to the Starres:
Homer was one, who gaue the Greekes great praise,
And honord not, the Troyans for their warres.
Liui among, the Romaines wrate right mitch,
With rare renowne, his Countrey to enritch:
And Pollidore, did ply the pen a pace,
To blurre straunge Soyles, and yeld the Romaines grace.

Admit they wrate, their volumes all of troeth,
(And did affect, ne man nor matter then)
Yet writer sees, not how all matters goeth
In field: when he, at home is at his pen.
This Pollidore, sawe neuer much of Wales,
Though he haue told, of Brittons many tales:
Cæsar himself, a Victor many a way,
Went not so farre, as Pollidore doth say.

Kings are obayd, where they were neuer seene,
And men may write, of things they heare by eare:
So Pollidore, oft tymes might ouerwéne,
And speake of Soyles, yet he came neuer there.
Some runne a ground, that through each water sailes,
A Pylot good, in his owne Compasse failes:
A writer that beléeues in worlds report,
May roue to farre, or surely shoote to short.

The eye is iudge, as Lanterne clére of light,
That searcheth through, the dim and darkest place:

The gladſome eye, giues all the bodie ſight,
It is the glaſſe, and beautie of the face.
But where no face, nor iudging eye doth come,
The ſence is blynd, the ſpirit is deaffe and dome:
For wit can not, conceiue till ſight ſend in
Some ſkill to head, whereby we knowledge win.

If ſtraungers ſpeake, but ſtraungely on our ſtate,
Thinke nothing ſtraunge, though ſtraungers write amis:
If ſtraungers do, our natiue people hate,
Our Countrey knowes, how ſtraunge their nature is.
Moſt ſtraunge it were, to truſt a forayne foe,
Or fauour thoſe, that we for ſtraungers knowe:
Then ſtraungely reade, the bookes that ſtraungers make,
For feare ye ſhroude, in boſome ſtinging Snake.

Polidorus Virgilius ſpake all of his owne nations praiſe, and ſawe but little of Brittaine, nor loued the ſame.

The ſtraungers ſtill, in auncient tyme that wrate,
Exalt themſelues, and keepes vs vnder foote:
As we of kynd, and nature doe them hate,
So beare they ruſt, and canker at the roote
Of heart, to vs, when pen to paper goeth,
Their cunning can, with craft ſo cloke a troeth,
That hardly we, ſhall haue them in the winde,
To ſmell them forth, or yet their fineneſſe finde.

Venerable Bede, a noble writer.

Gildas, a paſſing Poet of Brittaine.

Of force then muſt, you credite our owne men,
(Whoſe vertues works, a glorious garland gaynes)
Who had the gift, the grace and arte of pen:
And who did write, with ſuch ſweete flowing vaynes,
That Honey ſeem'd, to dropp from Poets quill:
I ſay no more, truſt ſtraungers and ye will,
Our Countrey breedes, as faithfull men as thoſe,
As famous too, in ſtately verſe or proſe.

Sibilla, a deuine Propheſiar & writer.

And trueth I trowe, is likte among vs beſt:
For each man frounes, when fabling topes they heare,

And

And though we count, but Robin Hood a Jeſt,
And old wiues tales, as tatling toyes appeare:
Yet Arthurs raigne, the woꝛld cannot denye,
Such pꝛoſe there is, the troth thereof to tꝛye:
That who ſo ſpeakes, againſt ſo graue a thing,
Shall bluſh to blot, the fame of ſuch a King.

Merlinus Ambroſius, a man of hye knowledge & ſpirit.

Condemne the daies, of elders great oꝛ ſmall,
And then blurre out, the courſe of pꝛeſent tyme:
Caſt one age downe, and ſo doe oꝛethꝛow all,
And burne the bookes, of pꝛinted pꝛoſe oꝛ ryme:
Who ſhall beléeue, he rules oꝛ ſhe doth raigne
In tyme to come, if wꝛiters loſe their paine:
The pen recoꝛds, tyme paſt and pꝛeſent both,
Skill bꝛings foꝛth bookes, and bookes is nurſe to troth.

Now followes the Caſtles and *Townes neere Oske, and* there aboutes.

A pꝛetie Towne, calde Oske nére Raggland ſtands,
A Riuer there, doth beare the ſelfeſame name:
His Thꝛiſtall ſtreames, that runnes along the Sands,
Shewes that it is, a Riuer of great fame.
Freſh water ſwéete, this goodly Riuer péelds,
And when it ſwels, it ſpꝛeads oꝛe all the Fields:
Great ſtoꝛe of Fiſh, is caught within this flood,
That doth in déede, both Towne and Countrey good.

A deſcription of Oske.

A thing to note, when Sammon failes in Wye,
(And ſeaſon there: goes out as oꝛder is)
Than ſtill of courſe, in Oske doth Sammons lye,
And of good Fiſh, in Oske you ſhall not miſs.
And this ſeemes ſtraunge, as doth through Wales appeere,
In ſome one place, are Sammons all the yeere:

Two Riuers nere together of ſeuerall natures, ſhewes a ſtrange thing.

So

So freſh, ſo ſweete, ſo red, ſo crimp withall,
As man might ſay, loe, Sammon here at call.

King Edward the fourth and his children, (as ſome affirme), and King Richard the third, were borne here.

A Caſtle there, in Oske doth yet remaine,
A Seate where Kings, and Princes haue bene borne
It ſtands full oze, a goodly pleaſant Plaine,
The walles whereof, and towers are all to torne,
(With wethers blaſt, and tyme that weares all out)
And yet it hath, a fayre proſpect about:
Trim Meades and walkes, along the Riuers ſide,
With Bridge well built, the force of flood to bide.

Caſtle Stroge doth yet remaine three myle from Oske, but the Caſtle is almoſt cleane downe.

Upon the ſide, of woodie hill full fayre,
This Caſtle ſtands, full ſore decayde and broke:
Yet builded once, in freſh and wholeſome ayre,
Full neere great Woods, and many a mightie Oke.
But ſith it weares, and walles ſo waſtes away,
In praiſe thereof, I mynd not much to ſay:
Each thing decayd, goes quickly out of minde,
A rotten houſe, doth but fewe fauours finde.

In the Duchie of Lancaſter, theſe three Caſtles are, but not in good plight any way.

Three Caſtles fayre, are in a goodly ground,
Groſmont is one, on Hill it builded was:
Skenfreth the next, in Valley is it found,
The Soyle about, for pleaſure there doth paſſe.
Whit Caſtle is, the third of worthie fame,
The Countrey there, doth beare Whit Caſtles name,
A ſtately Seate, a loftie princely place,
Whoſe beautie gives, the ſimple Soyles ſome grace.

The Duke of Yorke once lay here, and now the Caſtell is in Maiſter Roger Willyams hands.

Two myles from that, vpon a mightie Hill,
Langibby ſtands, a Caſtle once of ſtate:
Where well you may, the Countrey view at will,
And where there is, ſome buildings newe of late.
A wholeſome place, a paſſing plat of ground,
As good an ayre, as there abouts is found:

It seemes to light, the Seate was plaſt so well,
In elders daies, some Duke therein did dwell.

Carleon now, step in with stately style,
No feeble phrase, may serue to set thee forth:
Thy famous Towne, was spoke of many a mple,
Thou hast bene great, though now but little worth.
Thy noble bounds, hath reacht beyond them all,
In thée hath bene, King Arthurs golden Hall:
In thée the wise, and worthies did repose,
And through thy Towne, the water ebs and flowes.

A description of Carleon.

Maister Morgan of Lanternam in a fayre house dwelles two mile from Carleon.

COme learned lore with loftie style,
and leade these lynes of myne:
Come gracious Gods, and spare a whyle
to me the Muses myne.
Come Poets all, whose passing phrase
doth pearce the finest wits:
Come knowledge whereon world doth gase,
(yet still in iudgement sits)
And helpe my pen to play his parte,
for pen is stept on stage,
To shewe by skill and cunning arte,
the state of former age.
For present tyme hath friends enowe,
to flatter faune and faine:
And elders daies I knowe not how,
doe dwell in deepe disdaine.
No friend for auncient péres we finde,
our age loues youth alone:
The former age weares out of minde,
as though such tyme were none.

A plaine and true rehearsall of matter of great antiquitie.

A fayre Fountaine now begun.
A free Schoole now erected by Maister Morgan of Lanternam.

A gird to the flatterers and saunners of present tyme.

A house of reformatiō newly begun likewise.

King Arthurs raigne (though true it weare)
Is now of small account:

The Bishop of Landaffe still lying in the Towne.

We praiſe and extoll ſtrange Nations, and forget or abaſe our owne Countries.

The fame of Troy is knowne each where,
And to the Skyes doth mount.
Both Athens, Theabes, and Carthage to
We hold of great renowne:
What then I pray you ſhall we do,
To poore Carleon Towne.

In Arons the Martyrs Church King Arthur was crowned.

King Arthur ſure was crowned there,
It was his royall Seate:
And in that Towne did Scepter beare,
With pompe and honor greate.

Three Archbiſhops, Yorke London, and Carleō, crowning King Arthur.

An Archbiſhop that Dubrick highte,
Did crowne this King in deede:
Foure Kings before him bore in ſight,
Foure golden Swords we reede.

Arthur was great, that cōmanded ſuch ſolemnitie.

Theſe Kings were famous of renowne,
Yet for their homage due:
Repayrd vnto Carleon Towne,
As I rehearſe to you.

The true Authors are in the beginning of this booke for proſe of this.

How many Dukes, and Earles withall,
Good Authors can you tell:
And ſo true writers ſhewe you ſhall,
How Arthur there did dwell.

What Court he kept, what Acts he did,
What Conqueſt he obtaynd:
And in what Princely honor ſtill,
King Arthur long remaynd.

Another notable ſolemnitie at a Coronation.

Quéene Gueneuer was crown'd likewiſe,
In Iulius Church they ſay:

Where that fower Quéenes in ſolemne guiſe,
(In royall rich aray).

In Iulius Church the Martyr the Queene was crowned.

Foure Pigeons white, boze in their hands
Before the Princeſſe face:
In ſigne the Quéene of Brittiſh Lands,
Was worthie of that grace.

An honor rare and great yet ſeldome ſeene.

Carleon lodged all theſe Kings,
And many a noble Knight:
As may be prou'd by ſondzie things,
That I haue ſeene in ſight.

The bounds hath bene nine myles about,
The length thereof was great:
It ſhewes it ſelf this day throughout,
It was a Princes Seate.

In Arthurs tyme a Table round,
Was there whereat he ſate:
As yet a plot of gwdly ground,
Sets forth that rare eſtate.

A deepe and large round peece of groũd ſhewes yet where Arthur ſate.

The Citie reacht to Creetchurch than,
And to Saint Gillyans both:
Which yet appeares to view of man,
To trye this tale a troth.

A Church on a hil a mile of. Saint Gillyans is a faire houſe where Sir William Harbert dwelles.

There are ſuch Vautes and hollowe Caues,
Such walles and Condits deepe:
Made all like pypes of earthen pots,
Wherein a child may creepe.

Such ſtreates and pauements ſondzie waies,
To euery market Towne:

Wonderfull huge and long pauements.

Such Bridges built in elders daies,
And things of ſuch renowne.

The notableſt ſeate to behold being on the top that may be ſeene.

As men may muſe of to behold,
But chiefly for to note:
There is a Caſtle very old,
That may not be forgot.

The Caſtle almoſt downe.

It ſtands vpon a forced Hill,
Not farre from flowing flod:
Where loe ye view long Vales at will,
Enuyron'd all with wood.

The flowing water may eaſily be brought about both Towne and Caſtle.

A Seate for any King aliue,
The Soyle it is ſo ſweete:
Freſh ſpringes doth ſtreames of water driue,
Almoſt through euery ſtreate.

A great beautie of grounds, waters, groues, & other pleaſures for the eye to be ſeene from the old Caſtle of Carleon.

From Caſtle all theſe things are ſeene,
as pleaſures of the eye:
The goodly Groues and Vallies greene,
and woodie Mountaines hye.
The croked Creekes and prettie Brookes,
that are amid the Plaine;
The flowing Tydes that ſpreads the land,
and turnes to Sea againe.
The ſtately Woods that like a hoope,
doth compaſſe all the Vale:
The Princely plots that ſtands in troope,
to beautifie the Dale.
The Riuers that doth daily runne,
as cleare as Chriſtall ſtone:
Shewes that moſt pleaſures vnder Sunne,
Carleon had alone.

I haue ſeene Caues vnder ground (at this day) that goe I knowe not how farre, all made of excellent work, and goodly great ſtones both ouer head and vnder foote, &

Great ruth to ſee ſo braue a Soyle,
Fall in ſo ſore decay:

In ſorowe ſit, full nere the ſoyle,
As Fortune fled away.

close and fine round about the whole Caue.

And would forſooke to knowledge thoſe,
That earſt hath bene ſo greate:
Where Kings and graue Philoſophers,
Made once therein their Seate.

Vrbs legionum was it namde,
In Cæſars daies I trowe:
And Arthur holding reſidence there,
(As ſtories plainly ſhowe).

The name ſo mightie argues it was a mightie and noble towne.

Not only Kings and noble Peeres,
Repayde vnto that place:
But learned men full many yeeres,
Receiu'd therein their grace.

Two hundred Philoſophers were noriſhed in Carleon.

Than you that auncient things denyes,
Let now your talke ſurceaſe:
When proſe is brought before your eyes,
Ye ought to hold your peace.

And let Carleon haue his right,
And ioye his wonted fame:
And let each wiſe and worthie wight,
Speake well of Arthurs name.

Yeeld right as well to our elders daies, as to our preſent age.

Would God the brute thereof were knowne,
In Countrey, Court, and Towne:
And ſhe that ſits in reagall Throne,
With Scepter, Sword, and Crowne.

(Who came from Arthurs raſe and lyne)
Would marke theſe matters throwe:

And shewe thereon her gracious eyne,
To helpe Carleon now.

Thus farre my pen in Arthurs praise,
Hath past for plainnesse sake:
In honor of our elders daies,
That kepes my muse awake.

All only for to publish plaine,
Tyme past, tyme present both:
That tyme to come, may well retaine,
Of each good tyme, the troth.

¶ An Introduction to the Letters sent from Lucius Tyberius, at the Coronation of King Arthur.

NOt vnwilling to delate and make large the matter now written of, & further because the raigne of King Arthur is diuersly treated on and vncertainly spoken of (the men of this world are growen so wise) I haue searched and found (in good Authors) such certaintie of King Arthur, and matter that merits the reading, that I am compelled with pen to explaine, and with some paines and studie to p̄sent the world with in generall. The substance whereof being in Latin, (may be read and vnderstood by thousands) is englished because the common sorte (as well as the learned) shall see how little the Kings and Princes of this Land, haue esteemed the power of the Romaines, or manaling and force of any forraine foe whatsoeuer. And for the amending of my tale, let our Soueraine Ladie be well considered of, (whose graces passeth my pen to shewe) and yon shall see great things are encountred, and no small matters gone about and brought to good passe, in the action afore named: which becommeth well a Quéene of that race, who is descended of so noble a progenie. But now purposing orderly to procéede to the

former

former diſcourſe, and to rehearſe word for word, as it was left by our forefathers, (men of great learning and knowledge) I haue ſet doune ſome ſuch Letters and Orations, as peraduenture will make you to marueil of, or at the leaſt to thinke on ſo much, that ſome one among a multitude, will yeeld me thankes for my labour, and rather encourage a true writer to continue in the like exerciſes, then to giue him any occaſion to ſit vnie, and ſo forget the vſe of pen. There followeth hereafter thoſe things before mentioned, which I hope the Readers will iudge with aduiſement, and conſtrue to the beſt intent and meaning. For this matter not only ſhewes by good authoritie the royall Coronation of King Arthur, but in like maner declares with what pride and pomp the Romains ſent hether (at the very inſtant of this great tryumph) for tribute and homage: at which proud and preſumptuous demaund, King Arthur (and all his other Princes about him) began to bee greatly moued, and preſently without further delay, gaue ſo ſharpe and ſodaine an anſwer to the Embaſſadors of Rome, that they were ſo vexed and abaſhed therewith, that they neither knewe well how to take it, nor made any further reply: as followes by matter preſently here, if you pleaſe throughly to reade it. Conſider withall, that after this Embaſſage, King Arthur in plaine battaile ſlue Lucius, and had gone to Rome to haue bene crowned Emperour there, if Mordred had not made a reuolt in Arthurs owne kingdome.

The Coronation, and ſolemnitie thereof: *The Embaſſage, and proude meſſage of the* Romaines: And the whole reſolution of King Arthur therein, is firſt ſet forth here in Engliſh.

THE appoynted tyme of the ſolemnitie approching, and all being readie aſſembled in the Citie of Carleon, the Archbiſhops, London and Yorke: and in the Citie of Carleon the Archbiſhop Dubright were conueighed to the Palace, with royall

royall ſolemnitie to crowne King Arthur. Dubright therefore (becauſe the Court then lay within his Dioceſſe, furniſhed himſelfe accordingly to perfourme and ſolemnize this charge in his owne perſon. The King being crowned, was royally brought to the Cathedrall Church of that Metropoliticall See. On either hand of him, both the right and the left, did two Archbiſhoppes ſupport him. And fower Kings, to wit, Anguſell King of Albania, Caduall King of Venedocia, Cador King of Cornewall, & Sater King of Demetia, went before him, carying iiii. golden Swords. The companies alſo and concourſe of ſondrie ſorts of officers, played afore him moſt melodious & heauenly harmonie. On the other parte, the Quéene was brought to the Church of profeſſed Nunnes, being cõducted and accompanied with Archbiſhops and Biſhops, with her Armes and titles royally garniſhed. And the Quéenes, being wiues vnto the fower Kings aforeſayd, caryed before her (as the order and cuſtome was) fower white Doues or Pigeons.

For behold, twelue diſcréte perſonages of reuerend countenance came to the King in ſtately maner, carying in their right hands in token and ſigne of Ambaſſage, Oliue boughes. And after they had ſaluted him, they deliuered vnto him on the behalfe of Lucius Tyberius, Letters containing this effect.

¶ The Epiſtle of Lucius the Romaine *Lieutenant, to Arthur King of Britaine.*

LVcius Gouerner of the Commonwealth, to Arthur King of Britaine, as he hath deſerued. I haue exceedingly wondered to thinke of thy malepert and tyrannicall dealing. I doe meruaile (I ſay) and in conſidering the matter, I am angrie and take in ill part, the iniurie that thou haſt offered to Rome: and that thou, no better aduiſing thy ſelf, refuſeſt to acknowledge her. Neither haſt thou any care ſpeedelie to redreſſe thyne ouerſight, thus by vniuſt dealings to offend the Senate: vnto whom thou

thou art not ignorant, that the whole world oweth homage and ſeruice. For, the Tribute done for Britaine which the Senate commaunded thee to pay; for that Iulius Cæſar, and other worthie Romaines long and many yeeres enioyed the ſame, thou to the contempt of ſuch an honorable Eſtate, haſt preſumed to detaine and keepe backe. Thou haſt alſo taken from them Gallia: thou haſt wonne from them, the Prouinces of Sauoy and Daulphinie: thou haſt gotten the poſſeſſion of all the Ilands of the Ocean: the Kings whereof (ſo long as the Romaine authoritie was there obeyed) payed Tribute to our Anceſtors. Sith therfore the Senate hath decreed to redemaund amends and reſtitution at thy hands for theſe thy ſo great wrongs, I enioyne and commaund thee to come to Rome in the middeſt of Auguſt the next yeere; there to anſwere vnto thy Lords, and to abyde ſuch ſentence and order, as they by iuſtice ſhall lay vpon thee. Which thing if thou refuſe to doe, I will inuade thy Countries, and whatſoeuer thy wilfull rathnes hath diſſipally taken away from their Commonwealth, that will I by dint of ſword, aſſay to recouer and to them reſtore. Allobroges.

¶ Cador the Duke of Cornewall *his Oration to the King.*

I haue hitherto bene in feare, leaſt the Britaines through much eaſe and long peace, ſhould growe to ſlouth and cowardize, and loſe that honorable reputation of Cheualrie and martiall proweſſe, wherein they are generally accounpted to ſurmount all other Nations. For where the vſe of Armes is not eſteemed, but in ſtede therof, Dycing, Carding, dalping with women and other vayne delites frequented, it cannot chuſe, but there cowardize and ſluggardie muſt needes dimme and deface all vertue, honour, valiaunce, and fame. There bee now almoſt fiue yeeres paſſed, ſince we hauing lacked Martial exerciſe, haue effeminately bene nuzzeled in theſe foreſayd delites. God therefore not willing to ſee vs any longer marred and ſtayned with ſluggardie,

hath ſtirred vp the Romaines, that they ſhould be the meanes to reduce our auncient valour vnto the former ſtate and dignitie. Whē hee vſed theſe and ſuch like wordes, confirmed by thoſe that were there at that tyme in preſence, they came at length to their Benches or Seates, where after that euery perſon was ſet and placed; Arthur vſed this ſpæch vnto them.

The Oration of Arthur
to his Lords and people.

MY fellowes (ſayth he) and companyons both of aduerſitie and proſperitie: whoſe fidelities I haue heretofore both in your ſound counſels, and in exployting militare ſeruices had good tryall and experience of: liſten now and afford vnto me your aduiſe, and wiſely foreſee, what you thinke conuenient for vs, touching ſuch demaunds and commaundements, to be done. For, when a thing is wiſely afore hand deliberated and carefully foreſeene, when it commeth to the pinch, it is more eaſilie auoyded and tolerated. We ſhall therefore the eaſier bee able to abyde the imperious demaunds of Lucius, if wee lay our heads together and foreſee, how and which way, wee may beſt defeate and infringe the ſame. And (ſurely) for my part, I doe not thinke that we haue any cauſe greatly to feare him, ſith vpon an vnreaſonable cauſe he ſeeketh to haue a tribute payed out of Britaine. For, he allegeth, that the ſame is due and payable to him, becauſe it was payd to Iulius Cæſar and others his Succeſſors, which being inuited and called hether through the diſcorde and iarres of the auncient Britaines, arriued here in Britaine with numbers of armed Soldiours: and with force and vyolence, brought vnder their ſubiection, this our Countrey, miſerably toſſed with ciuile garboyles and domeſticall diſcord. And becauſe they in this ſort, got the poſſeſſion of it, they haue ſince taken and vniuſtly receiued a Tribute out of it. For nothing that is gotten by force and vyolence, is iuſtly poſſeſſed by him that offered the vyolence. The cauſe therefore which he pretendeth is vnreaſonable,

ble, whereby he claimeth vs by law and right to be tributarie vnto them. Sith therfore he thus presumeth to demaund of vs that which is vniuſt: let vs by the ſame reaſon, demaund of him, tribute at Rome: & he that is the ſtronger, let him carie away that which he deſireth and claymeth. For, if his reaſon, why he demaundeth tribute now, as due, to be payed by vs, becauſe Cæſar and other Romaine Princes ſometymes conquered Britaine be good: by the like reaſon, I doe thinke that Rome ought to pay tribute to mee, becauſe my Predeceſſors heretofore wanne and ſubdued it. For Belinus that moſt noble King of Britaines, with the helpe and ayde of his brother Brennus Duke of Sauoy, tooke Allobroges by force that Citie, and long while poſſeſſed it, hanging vp in the middeſt of their chiefe Market place and high ſtreate, twentie of the chiefeſt Nobles among them. Conſtantine alſo the ſonne of Helena, and Maximianus likewiſe, being both of them, my nere Coſens, and either of them ſucceſſiuely, crowned King of Britaine, were enthronized in the imperiall Seate of the Romaine Empyre. What thinke ye now? Iudge you that the Romaines haue any reaſon or right to demaunde Tribute at our hands? As touching Fraunce or other collaterall Ilands of the Ocean, it needeth no anſwere, ſith they refuſed to defend them, when we forcibly tooke them out of their clouteches & iuriſdiction.

The anſwere of Howell King *of little Britaine.*

Though euery one of you ſhould neuer ſo diligently conſider: and debate with himſelfe neuer ſo aduiſedly in his mynd: yet doe I not thinke, that he could poſſiblie deuiſe any better counſell then this, which thy moſt graue wiſedome hath now remembred. Thy eloquent and Tullie like aduiſe therefore, hath furniſhed vs with that ſkill, whereby wee ought inceſſantly to commende in you the affect of a conſtant man, the effect of a wiſe mynd, and the benefite of prudent counſell. For, if ye will take your voyage and expedition to Rome, according to the reaſon a-

fore alledged, I doubt not, but wee ſhould winne trymph, ſith wee doe but defend our libertie, and iuſtly demaund of our enemies, that, which they haue vniuſtly begun to demaunde of vs. For whoſoeuer goeth about to defeate or diſpoſſeſſe an other of his right, and to take from him that which is his owne; worthylie and deſeruedlie may bee put from that, which is his owne, by him to whom he hath offered and done ſuch wrong and violence. Seeing therefore, the Romaines would ſo gladly take from vs, that which is our owne, we will without doubt, take from them that, which they haue, if we may once come to buckle with them. Behold this is the conflict that al true hearted Britaines ſo long haue wiſhed for: Behold theſe be the Prophecies of Sybilla now fulfilled, which ſo plainly and truely foretolde, that of the third ſtock of the Britaines there ſhould one be borne, that ſhould obtaine and poſſeſſe the Romain Empyre. Now, for two of theſe, the Prophecies bee alreadie fulfilled: ſithence it is manifeſt (as thou haſt alreadie declared) that thoſe two moſt noble and excellent Princes Belinus and Conſtantine, ouercame, and gaue the Armes of the Romaine Empyre. And now haue we you, being the third, vnto whom ſuch high exployt and honour is promiſed. Make haſte therefore to receiue that which God is readie to beſtowe on thee. Haſten (I ſay) to ſubdue that which he is willing ſhould be ſubdued. Haſten to aduaunce all vs, that are here readie for thyne aduauncement & honour, neither to refuſe wounds, nor to loſe life and limme. And for thy better atchieuing hereof, I my ſelfe will accompanie thee with tenne thouſand well armed Souldiours.

Sybilla her prophecies touching the Britaines.

An exhortatiō of Howell.

ANguſell King of Albania, when Howell had made an ende of his Oration, began to declare his lyking and opinion of the matter, in this ſort following. Since the tyme that I heard my Lord vtter his mynd, touching this caſe, I haue conceiued ſuch inwarde ioye as I am not able here afore you to expreſſe. For, in all our victorious Conqueſts alreadie paſſed, and in ſo many Kingdoms and Regions as wee haue ſubdued, wee may well ſeeme to haue done nothing at all; if wee ſuffer the Romaines

and

and Germaines ſtill to remaine, and doe not manfully wreake vpon them, thoſe bloodie ſlaughters, which heretofore they inflicted vpon our Auncestors and Countreymen. And now ſith wee haue occaſion and libertie to trye the matter with them by force of armes, I reioyce exceedingly, and haue a longing thirſt to ſee that day, wherein we may meete together; yea I thirſt, euen as if I had bene drye and kept three daies, thirſtie, from a Fountaine of water. Oh that I might ſee that day; how ſweete and pleaſant ſhould thoſe wounds be, that I ſhould either giue or take, when we coape together? yea, death it ſelf ſhall be ſweete and welcome, ſo that I may ſuffer the ſame in reuenging our fathers, in defending our libertie, and in aduaunceing our King. Let vs therefore giue the charge and onset vpon ponder effeminate and meycocke people, and let vs ſtand to our tackle like men: that after we haue banquiſhed them, we may enioye their honors and offices with ioyfull victorie. And for my parte, I will augment our Armie with two thouſand Horſemen well appoynted and armed, beſide Footemen.

The ſentence and reſolution of the King of Albania.

FINIS.

Here followeth the Latin of the Engliſh going before.

OMnibus in vrbe legionum congregatio ſolemnitate inſtante Archipræſules Londinenſis Eboracenſis: necnon in vrbe legionum Archiepiſcopus Dubricius ad pallatium ducuntur vt regem Arthurum diademate regali coronarent Dubricius ergo quoniam in ſua dioceſi curia tenebatur: paratus ad celebrandum huius rei curam ſuſcepit. Rege tandem inſignito ad templum metropolitanæ ſedis ornatè conducitur: à dextro & à lęuolatere duo Archipontifices ipſum tenebant. Quatuor autem reges viz. Anguſelus rex Albanię, Caduallus Venedociæ rex, Cádor rex Cornubiæ, & Sater rex Demetiæ: quatuor aureos gladios ante ipſum ferentes præibant. Conuentus quoque multimodocum ordinatorum miris modulationibus præcinebat. Ex alia parte reginam ſuis inſignibus laureatam Archipræſules

atque pontifices ad templum dicatarum puellarum conducebant. Quatuor quoque prædictorum regum reginæ quatuor albas columbas de more præferebant.

Ecce enim duodecim viri maturæ etatis reuerendi vultus ramos oliuæ in ſignum legationis in dextris ferentes moderatis paſsibus ad regem ingrediuntur: & eo ſalutato literas ipſi ex parte Lucij Tiberij in hæc verba obtulerunt.

Lucij Romani Procuratoris ad Arthurum Britonum regem epiſtola.

LVcius reipublicæ procurator Arthuro regi Britãniæ quid meruit. Admirans vehementer admiror ſuper tuæ tyrannidis proternia. Admiror inquam & iniuriam quam Romæ intuliſti recolligens, indignor quod extra te egreſſus eam cognoſcere diffugias: nec animaduertere feſtines quid ſit iniuſtis actibus ſenatum offendiſſe: cui totum orbem famulatum debere non ignoras. Etenim tributũ Britanniæ quod tibi ſenatus reddere precæperat: quia Caius Iulius ceteriq; romanæ dignitatis viri illud multis temporibus habuerunt: neglecto tanti ordinis imperio detinere præſumpſiſti. Eripuiſti quoque illi Galliam: eripuiſti Allobrogum prouinciã: eripuiſti omnes oceani inſulas: quarum reges dum romana poteſtas in illis partibus perualuit, vectigal maioribus noſtris reddiderũt. Quia ergo de tantis iniuriarum tuarum cumulis ſenatus reparationem petere decreuit mediantẽ Auguſtum proximi anni terminum perfigens Romam te venire iubeo: vt dominis tuis ſatisfaciens ſententie quam eorum dictatori iuſticia acquieſcas. Sin aliter ipſe partes tuas adibo & quicquid veſania tua reipublicæ erripuit eidem mediantibus gladijs reſtituere conabor.

Caderis ducis Cornubie ad regem.

HVcuſq; in timore fueram ne Britones longa pace quietos ocium quod ducunt ignauos faceret, famamque militiæ qua

qua ceteris gentibus clariores cenſentur in eis omnino deleret. Quippe vbi vſus armorum videtur abeſſe, alearum vero & mulierum inflamationes, ceteraque oblectamenta adeſſe: dubitandum non eſt quin quod erat virtutis: quod honoris, quod audaciæ: quod famæ ignauia commaculet. Fere namque tranſacti ſunt quinque anni ex quo (predictis delitijs deditì) exercitio Martis caruimus. Deus igitur vt nos ſegnitia liberaret: Romanos in hunc affectum induxit vt in priſtinum ſtatum noſtram probitatem reducerent. Hæc & hijs ſimilia illo cum cæteris dicente venerunt tandem ad ſedilia vbi collocatis ſingulis: Arthurus illos in hunc modum affatus.

Oratio Arthuri ad ſuos.

COnſocij (inquit) aduerſitatis & proſperitatis: quorum probitatis hactenus, & in dandis cõſilijs, & in militijs agendis expertus ſum: adhibete & monete nunc vnanimiter ſenſus veſtros, & ſapienter prouidete quæ ſuper talibus mandatis nobis eſſe agenda noueritis. Quicquid enim à ſapiente diligenter prouidetur cum ad actum accedit facilius toleratur. Facilius ergo inquietationem Lucij tolerare poterimus ſi communi ſtudio premeditati fuerimus quibus moſis eam debilitare inſtaremus. Quam non multum timendam nobis eſſe exiſtimo: cum ex irrationabili cauſa exigat tributum quod ex Britannia habere deſiderat. Dicit enim ipſum ſibi dare debere quia Julio Cæſari ceteriſque ſucceſſoribus ſuis redditum fuerit: qui diſsidio priſcorũ Britonum inuitatem cum armata manu in Britaniam applicuerunt: atque patriam domeſticis motibus vacillantẽ ſuæ poteſtati vi, & violẽtia ſubmiſerunt. Quia vero hoc modo eam adepti fuerunt vectigal ex ea iniuſte ceperunt. Nihil enim quod vi vt violentia acquiritur iuſte ab ipſo poſsidetur qui violentiam metuit.

Irrationabilem ergo cauſam pretendit: qua nos iure ſibi tributarios eſſe arbitratur. Quoniam ergo id quod iniuſtũ

eſt

eſt à nobis præſumit exigere: conſimili ratione petamus ab illo tributum Romæ: & qui fortior ſuperuenerit ferat quod habere exoptauit. Nam ſi quia Cæſar cæterique romani reges Britanniam olim ſubiugauerunt vectigal nunc debere ſibi ex illa reddi decernit: Similiter nunc ego cenſeo quam Roma mihi tributum reddere debet: quia anteceſſores mei eam antiquitus obtinuerunt. Belinus etenim ille Britonum ſereniſsimus rex vſus auxilio fratris ſui, Brenni videlicet ducis Allobrogum: ſuſpenſis in medio foro viginti nobilioribus Romanis: vrbem ceperũt, captámque multis temporibus poſſederunt. Conſtantinus etiam Helenæ filius necnon & Maximianus vterque mihi cognatione propinquus alter poſt alterum diademate Britannię inſignitus: thronum Romani imperij adeptus eſt. Cenſetis ne ergo vectigal romanis petendum? De Gallia autem ſine de collateralibus inſulis oceani non eſt reſpondendum: cum illas diffugerent quando eaſdem poteſtati eorum ſubtrahebamus.

Hoeli regis minoris Britanniæ, reſponſio.

LIcet vnuſquiſque veſtrum totus in ſe reuerſus, omnia, & omnibus animo tractare valuerit non exiſtimo eum præſtantius conſiliũ poſſe inuenire quam iſtud quod modo diſcretio ſolertis prudentiæ tuæ recoluit. Proinde etenim prouidit nobis tua deliberatio Tulliano liquore lita. Vnde conſtantis viri affectum: ſapientis animi effectum optimi conſilij profectum laudare indeſinenter debemus. Nam ſi iuxta prædictã rationem Romam adire volueris non dubito quin triumpho potiamur: dum libertatem noſtrã tueamur dum iuſte ab innimicis noſtris exigamus quod à nobis iniuſte petere incæperunt. Quicunque enim ſua alteri eripere conatur merito quæ ſua ſunt per eum quem impetit amittit. Quia ergo Romani noſtra nobis demere affectant: ſua illis procul dubio: auferemus ſi authoritas nobis congrediendi præſtabitur

bitur. En congreſſus cunctis Britonibus deſiderandus. En vaticinia ſibyllæ quæ veris augurijs teſtantur: ex Britannico genere tertio naſciturum qui Romanum obtinebit imperiū. De duobus autem adimpleta ſunt oracula: cum manifeſtum ſit præclaros vt dixiſti principes Belinum atque Conſtantinum imperij Romani geſsiſſe inſignia & imperia. Nunc verò te tertium habemus, cui tātum culmen honoris promittitur. Feſtina ergo recipere: quod deus non differt largiri. Feſtina ſubingare quod vltro vult ſubingari. Feſtina nos omnes exaltare qui vt exalteris nec vulnera recipere: nec vitam amittere diffugiamus. Vt autem hæc perficias decem millibus armatorum præſentiam tuam conabor.

Vaticinia Sibille de Britonibus.

Exhortatio Hoeli.

ANguſelus Albaniæ rex: vt Hoelus finem dicendi fecerat: quod ſuper hac re affectabat in huc modum manifeſtare perrexit. Ex dominum meum ea quæ dixit affectare conieci: tanta lætitia animo meo illapſa eſt: quantam nequeo in veſtra preſentia exprimere. Nihil enim in tranſactis debellationibus quas tot & tantis regibus intulimus egiſſe videmur: ſi Romani & Germani illeſi permaneant: nec in illos clades quas olim noſtratibus ingeſſerunt viriliter vindicemus. Ac nunc quoniam licentia congrediendi permittitur gaudens admodū gaudeo & deſiderio diei quo conueniamus æſtuans ſitio cruorem illorum quemadmodū fontem ſi triduo prohiberer. O ſi illam lucem videbo quæ dulcia erunt vulnera quæ vel recipiam vel inferam: quando dextras conferemus. Ipſa etiam mors dulcis erit: dum eam in vindicando patres noſtros: in tuendo libertatem noſtram: in exaltando regem noſtrum perpeſſus fuero. Aggrediamur ergo ſemiuiros illos & aggrediendo perſtemus vt deuictis ipſis eorum honoribus cum lęta potiamur victoria. Exercitum autem noſtrum duobus milibus armatorū equitum exceptis peditibus angebo.

Sententia regis Albanie.

FINIS.

Would to God we had the like ayde of Kings and offer now to daunt the pryde of the Romiſh practiſes.

The worthines
The true Authors of this
whole Booke.

Iohannes Badius Aſcenciu.
Merlinus Ambroſius.
Gualterus Monemotenſis.
Giraldus Cambrenſis.
Iohannes Bale of Brutus.
Ieffrey of Monmouth.
Gildas Cambrius, a Poet of Britaine.
Sibilla.

Analles ſue gentes.

Two Brethren that were Martyrs, Iulius and Aron in Carleon, in whoſe names two Churches were built there.

Thelians Epiſcopus Landaph.

Saint Auguſtine could not make the Britaines be obedient to the Archbiſhop of Canterburie, but yet they onely ſubmitted themſelues to the Archbiſhop of Carleon, in Adelbrights tyme that was King of Kent.

A Hill moſt notable neere Carleō a myle frō the towne.

NOw muſt I touch, a matter fit to knowe,
A Fort and ſtrength, that ſtands beyond this Towne:
On which you ſhall, behold the nobleſt ſhowe,
(Loke round about, and ſo loke rightly downe)
That euer yet, I ſawe or man may view:
Upon that Hill, there ſhall appeare to you,
Of ſeauen Shieres, a part and portion great,
Where Hill it ſelfe, is ſure a warlike Seate.

Ten thouſand men, may lodge them there vnſeene,
In trebble Dykes, that gards the Fortreſſe well:
And yet amid, the Fort a goodly greene,
Where that a power, and mightie Campe may dwell:

In

In ſpyte of woꝛld, if Soldiours victuall haue.
The Hill ſo ſtands, if Bird but wing doe waue,
Oꝛ man oꝛ beaſt, but once ſtirre by the head
A Bowe aboue, with ſhaft ſhall ſtrike it dead.

A very high Hill of a marueilous ſtrength which was a ſtrong Fortreſſe in Arthurs daies.

The Hill commaunds, a maruels way and ſcope,
Jt ſeemes it ſtood, farre off foꝛ Townes defence,
And in the warres, it was Carleons hope:
Oꝛ els in deede, the Duke of Gloſter ſence
(That did deſtroy, both Towne and all therein)
To ſerue his turne, this Foꝛtreſſe did begin.
Not farre from this, much like vnto the ſame,
Tombarlowm ſtands, a Mountaine of ſome fame.

Bellinus Māgnus made this called Bellingſtocke.

A wonderfull high mountaine with the like maner of defence.

A Towne nere this, that buylt is all a length,
Cal'd Neawport now, there is full fayre to viewe:
Which Seate doth ſtand, foꝛ profite moꝛe then ſtrength,
A right ſtrong Bridge, is there of Timber newe:
A Riuer runnes, full nere the Caſtle wall:
Nere Church likewiſe, a Mount behold you ſhall,
Where Sea and Land, to ſight ſo plaine appeeres,
That there men ſee, a part of fiue fayre Shéres.

The towne of Neawport.

On a round hill by the Church there is for Sea and Land the moſt princely ſight that any man liuing at one inſtant may with perfect eye behold.

As vpward hye, aloft to Mountaine top,
This Market towne, is buylt in healthfull ſoꝛt:
So downeward loe, is many a Marchants ſhop,
And many ſayle, to Briſtowe from that Poꝛt.
Of auncient tyme, a Citie hath it bin,
And in thoſe daies, the Caſtle hard to win:
Which yet ſhewes fayre, and is repayꝛd a parte,
As things decayd, muſt néedes be helpt by arte.

The Towne hath Marchants in it.
A Caſtle is at the end of this Towne, and full by the Bridges and Riuer.

A goodly Seate, a Tower, a princely pyle,
Built as a watch, oꝛ ſaftie foꝛ the Soyle,
By Riuer ſtands, from Neawport not thrée myle.
This houſe was made, when many a bloodie broyle,

Greenefield Caſtle that was the Duke of Lancaſters.

Eboyth is the Riuers name that runneth here.

In Wales God wot, deſtroyd that publicke ſtate:
Here men with ſwoyd, and ſhield did brawles debate:
Here ſaftie ſtood, for many things in deede,
That ſought ſauegard, and did ſome ſucker neede.

For Riuer, wood, paſture ayre, walke & pleaſure, this place paſſeth.

The name thereof, the nature ſhewes a right,
Greenefield it is, full gay and goodly ſure:
A fine ſweete Soyle, moſt pleaſant vnto ſight,
That for delight, and wholeſome ayre ſo pure,
It may be praiſde, a plot ſought out ſo well,
As though a King, ſhould ſay here will I dwell:
The Paſtures greene, the woods, and water cleere,
Sayth any Prince may build a Pallace heere.

A true iudgement of the commodities in Wales if the people there would be laborous.

And in this place, and many parts about,
Is graſſe and Corne, and fertile ground enough:
And now a while, to ſpeake of Wales throughout,
Where if men would, take paynes to plye the Plough:
Digge out of droſſe, the treaſure of the earth,
And fall to toyle, and labour from their birth:
They ſhould as ſoone, to ſtore of wealth attaine,
As other Soyles, whoſe people takes great paine.

Nychill.

But moſt of Wales, likes better eaſe and reſt,
(Loues meate and mirth, and harmeleſſe quiet daies)
Than for to toyle, and trouble brayne and breſt,
To vere the mynd, with worldly wearie waies.
Some ſtand content, with that which God ſhall ſend,
And on their lands, their ſtock and ſtore doth ſpend:
And rubs out life, cleane voyde of further care,
Becauſe in world, right well to liue they are.

Yet were they bent, to proule and purchace ſtill,
And ſearch out wealth, as other Nations doe:
They haue a Soyle, a Countrey rich at will,
Which can them make, full quickly wealthie too.

They

They haue begun, of late to lime their land,
And plowes the ground, where ſturdie Okes did ſtand:
Conuerts the meares, and marriſh euery where,
Whoſe barraine earth, begins good fruite to beare.

They teare vp Trées, and takes the rootes away,
Makes ſtonie fieldes, ſmoth fertile fallowe ground:
Brings Paſtures bare, to beare good graſſe for Hay,
By which at length, in wealth they will abound.
Wales is this day (behold throughout the Shéres,
In better ſtate, than twas theſe hundred yéres:
More rich, more fine, and further more to tell,
Fewe men haue knowne, the Countrey halfe ſo well.

The people of wales in many places thriues by labour daylie, and gets great gayne through tillage.

Whereas at firſt, they ſought for Corne farre off,
(To helpe the wants, of Wales when grayne was deere)
Now on the bord, they haue both Cheeſe and loafe,
To ſhewe the world, in houſe is greater cheere.
The open Plaine, that hath his rubbiſh loſt,
Saith plentie is, through Wales in euery coaſt:
The well wrought ground, that thouſands may behold,
Where thornes did growe, ſayth now there ſprings vp gold.

I haue knowen many places ſo barraine, that they haue ſought for corne farre of, who now are able to liue without helpe of any other Countrey.

I meane where weedes, and thiſtles long hath growne,
(Wild roſſe and docks, and ſtinking nettles vile)
There Barley ſwéete, and goodly Wheate is ſowne,
Which makes men rich, that liu'd in lacke long while.
No gift nor gayne, more great and good to man,
Then that which toyle, and honeſt labour wan:
What ſweat of browes, brings in is ſugred ſwéete,
Makes glad the mynd, and comforts hart and ſpréete.

The worthines

☙ Aborgaynies Towne is walled *round about, and hath fayre* Suburbs alſo.

It ſtands ouer two little Riuers, called Ceybbie and Ceyuennie, of which Ceyuennie, Aborgeuenie tooke the name.

REturne I muſt, to my diſcourſe beforе,
Of Borrow townes, and Caſtles as they are:
Aborgaynie, behind I kept in ſtore,
Whoſe Seate and Soyle, with beſt may well compare.
The Towne ſomewhat, on ſteepe and mounting hill,
With Paſtor grounds, and Meddowes great at will:
On euery ſide, huge Mountaines hard and hye,
And ſome thicke woods, to pleaſe the gazers eye.

The Bridge of ſtone a eleuen fayre arches, and a great bridge of ſtone to come drylie to that bridge.

The Riuer Oske, along the Dale doth paſſe,
Right vnderneath, an auncient Bridge of ſtone:
A goodly worke, when firſt it reared was,
(And yet the Shiere, can ſhewe no ſuch a one)
Makes men to knowe, old Buildings were not bace,
And newe things bluſh, that ſteps not ſo in place,
With ſuretie goes, and ſhewe to ſtep on ſtage,
To make newe world, to honor former age.

Of the bountie of tyme paſt, and the hardnes of our age.

For former tyme, built Townes and Caſtles trim,
Made Bridges braue, and ſtrong for tyme to come:
And our young daies, that doth in glorie ſwim,
Holds hard in hand, that finger faſt may thome.
Loke what tyme paſt, made gallant freſh and fayre,
Tyme preſent ſpoyles, or will not well repayre:
As in this Towne, a ſtately Caſtle ſhoes,
Which loe to ruyne, and wretched wracke it goes.

A fayre and noble Caſtle belonging to the auncient houſe and race of the honorable, the Lord of Aborgaynie

Moſt goodly Towers, are bare and naked laſt,
That cou'red were, with timber and good lead:
Theſe Towers p[illegible]and, as ſtreight as doth a ſhaft,
The walles whereof, might ſerue to ſome good ſtead.

For

For ſound and thicke, and wondrous high withall,
They are in déede, and likely not to fall:
Would God therefore, the owner of the ſame,
Did ſtay them vp, for to encreace his fame.

Who doth delight, to ſee a goodly Plaine,
Faire Riuers runne, great woods and mountaines hye:
Let him a while, in any Tower remaine,
And he ſhall ſee, that may content the eye.
Great ruth to let, ſo trim a Seate goe downe,
The Countries ſtrength, and beautie of the Towne:
A Lordly place, a princely plot and viewe,
That laughs to ſcorne, our patched buildings newe.

The bountie of the Caſtle and Countrie.

The ſhell of this, I meane the walles without,
The worthie worke, that is ſo finely wrought:
The Sellers déepe, and buildings round about,
The firme Freeſtone, that was ſo derely bought,
Makes men lament, the loſſe of ſuch a thing,
That was of late, a houſe for any King.
Yea who ſo wayes, the worth of Caſtle yet,
With heauie mynd, in muſe and dump ſhall ſit.

A goodly and ſtately peece of worke as like to fall as be repayred againe.

To ſee ſo ſtrong, and ſtately worke decay,
The ſame diſeaſe, hath Oske in Caſtle wall:
Which on maine Rocke, was builded euery way,
And now God wot, is readie downe to fall.
A number more, in Monmouth Shiere I finde,
That can not well, abyde a blaſt of winde:
The loſſe is theirs, that ſees them ouerthrowne,
The gaine were ours, if yet they were our owne.

Any heart in the world would pittie the decay of Caſtles in Mõmouth ſhiere.

Though Caſtle here, through trackt of tyme is worne,
A Church remaines, that worthie is of note:
Where worthie men, that hath bene nobly borne,
Were layd in Tombe, which els had bene forgot.

In this church was a moſt famous worke in maner of a genealogie of

And

Kings, called the roote of Ieſſe, which worke is defaced and pulled downe in peeces.

And buried cleane, in graue paſt mynd of man,
As thouſans are, forgot ſince world began:
Whoſe race was great, and who for want of Tome,
In duſt doth dwell, vnknowne till day of Dome.

On the right hand in a faire Chappell.

In Church there lyes a noble Knight,
Encloſde in wall right well:
Croſſelegged as it ſeemes to ſight,
(Or as record doth tell)
He was of high and princely blod,
His Armes doth ſhewe the ſame:
Both the windowe and in other parts about him ſhewes that he was a ſtranger.
For thereby may be vnderſtod,
He was a man of fame.
A ſhield of blacke he beares on breſt,
A white Crowe plaine thereon:
A ragged ſleeue in top and creſt,
Blewe is.
All wrought in goodly ſtone.
The labell whereon are nyne Flowerdeluces.
And vnder feete, a Greyhound lyes,
Three golden Lyons gay,
Nine Flowerdeluces there likewiſe,
His Armes doth full diſplay.

On the left hand a Lord of Aborgany.

A Lord that once enioyde that Seate,
Lyes there in ſumptuous ſort:
They ſay as loe his race was great,
So auncient men report.
His force was much: for he by ſtrength
With Bull did ſtruggle ſo,
He broke cleane off his hornes at length,
And therewith let him go.
This Lord a Bull hath vnder feete,
And as it may be thought,
A Dragon vnder head doth lye,
In ſtone full finely wrought.
The worke and Tombe ſo auncient is,
(And of the oldeſt guyſe)

My firſt bare view, full well may mis,
To ſhewe how well he lyes.

A Tombe in deede, of charge and ſhowe,
Amid the Chappell ſtands:
Where William Thomas Knight ye knowe,
Lyes long with ſtretched hands.
A Harbert was he cal'd of right,
Who from great kindred came,
And married to a worthie wight,
Daughter to Dauie Gam,
(A Knight likewiſe, of right and name)
This Harbert and his Feere,
Lyes there like one that purchaſt fame,
As plainly doth appeere.
His Tombe is rich, and rare to viewe,
Well wrought of great deuice:
Though it be old, Tombes made but newe,
Are of no greater price.
His Armes three ramping Lyons white,
Behind his head in ſhield:
A crowned Lyon blacke is hers,
Set out in moſt rich field:
Behind her head is likewiſe there,
Loe what our elders did,
To make thoſe famous euery where,
Whoſe vertues are not hid.

In Tombe as trim as that before,
Sir Richard Harbert lyes:
He was at Banbrie field of yore,
And through the battaile twiſe:
He paſt with Pollax in his hands,
A manly act in deede,
To preace among ſo many bands,
As you of him may reede.

Sir William Thomas Knight (alias) Harbert.

Sir Dauie Gam Knight father to this Knights wife.

This Knight was ſlaine at Edgingcourt field.

His Tombe is of hard and good Allablaſter.

Sir William Thomas was father to the next that followes, called Sir Richard Harbert of Colbroke Knight.

In the Chronicle this is rehearſed.

Thys valiant Knight, at Colbroke dwelt,
On the left hand of the Chappell they lye. Nere Aborgaynie towne:
Who when his fatall deſtnie felt,
And Fortune flong him downe,
Among his enemies loſt his head,
A rufull tale to tell:
Yet buryed was as I haue ſaid,
In ſumptuous Tombe full well.
She was daughter to Thomas ap Griffith father to Sir Rice ap Thomas Knight. His wife Dame Margret by his ſide,
Lyes there likewiſe for troth:
Their Armes as yet may be tryed,
(In honor of them both)
Stands at their heads, three Lyons white
He giues as well he might:
Three Rauens blacke, in ſhield ſhe giues,
As Daughter to a Knight.
A sheafe of Arrowes vnder head,
He hath as due to him:
Thus there theſe worthie couple lye,
In Tombe full fine and trim.

On the right hand of the Chappell. Now in another paſſing Tombe,
Of beautie and of charge,
There lyes a Squire (that Harbert hight)
With coſt ſet out at large.
Two Daughters and ſire Sonnes alſo,
Are there ſet nobly forth:
With other workes that makes the ſhowe,
And Monument more worth.
Himſelfe, his wife, and children to,
Lyes ſhrouded in that Seate:
Now ſomewhat for that Squire I do,
Becauſe his race was great.
The old Earle of Penbroke one of the priuie Councell. He was the father of that Earle,
That dyed Lord Steward late,
A man of might, of ſpirit moſt rare,

And borne to happie fate.
His father layd so richly here,
So long agoe withall,
Shewes to the lokers on full cleere,
(When this to mynd they call)
This Squire was of an auncient race,
And borne of noble blod:
Sith that he dyed in such a case,
And left such worldly god,
To make a Tombe so rich and braue:
May further now to say,
The three white Lyons that he gaue
In Armes, doth race bewray:
And makes them blush and hold downe browe,
That babble out of square.
Rest there and to my matter now:
Upon this Tombe there are
Three Lyons and three white Boyes heads:
The first three are his owne.
The white Boyes heads his wife she gaue,
As well in Wales is knowne.
A Lyon at his feete doth lye,
At head a Dragon greene:
Moe things who lists to search with eye,
On Tombe may well be seene.

Amid the Church, Lord Hastings lay,
Lord Aborgaynie than:
And since his death remou'd away,
By fine deuice of man:
And layd within a windowe right,
Full flat on stonie wall:
Where now he doth in open sight,
Remaine to people all.
The windowe is well made and wrought,
A costly worke to see:

In the windowe now he lyes.

In which his noble Armes are thought,
Of purpoſe there to bee.
A ragged ſléeue and ſixe red Birds,
Is poxtrayd in the Glaſſe:
His wife hath there her left arme bare,
It ſeemes her ſléeue it was
That hangs about his necke full fine,
Right oxe a Purple wéede:
A robe of that ſame colour tw,
The Ladie weares in déede.
Under his legges a Lyon red,
His Armes are rare and ritch:
A Harrold that could ſhewe them well,
Can blaſe not many ſitch.
Sire Lyons white, the ground fayxe blew,
Thxée Flowerdeluces gold:
The ground of them is red of hew,
And gwdly to behold.
But note a greater matter now,
Upon his Tombe in ſtone
Were foxetéene Lxds that knées did bow,
Unto this Lxd alone.
Of this rare wxrke a poxch is made,
The Barrons there remaine
In gwd old ſtone, and auncient trade,
To ſhewe all ages plaine.
What homage was to Haſtings due,
What honour he did win:
What Armes he gaue, and ſo to blaze
What Lxd had Haſtings bin.

Some ſay this great Lord was called Bruce and not Haſtings, but moſt doe hold opinion he was called Haſtings.

Right oxe againſt this windowe, loe
In ſtone a Ladie lyes:
And in her hands a Hart I troe,
She holds befoxe your eyes:
And on her bxeaſt, a great fayxe ſhield,

A Ladie of Aborgaynie.

In which she beares no more
But three great Flowerdeluces large:
And euen loe, right ore
Her head another Ladie lyes
With Squirrell on her hand,
And at her feete, in stone likewise,
A couching Hound doth stand:
They say her Squirrell lept away,
And toward it she run:
And as from fall she sought to stay
The little prettie Dun,
Right downe from top of wall she fell,
And toke her death thereby.
Thus what I heard, I doe you tell,
And what is seene with eye.

A Ladie of some noble house whose name I knowe not.

A friend of myne who lately dyed,
That Doctor Lewis hight:
Within that Church his Tombe I spyed,
Well wrought and fayre to sight.
O Lord (quoth I) we all must dye,
No lawe, nor learnings lore:
No iudgement deepe, nor knowledge hye,
No riches lesse or more,
No office, place, nor calling great,
No worldly pompe at all,
Can keepe vs from the mortall threat
Of death, when God doth call.
Sith none of these good gifts on earth,
Haue powre to make vs liue:
And no good fortune from our birth,
No hower of breath can giue.
Thinke not on life and pleasure heere,
They passe like beames of Sunne:
For nought from hence we carrie cleere,
When man his race hath runne.

Doctor Lewis lately Iudge in the Amoralties

The worthines
An Introduction for
Breaknoke Shiere.

IS bodie tyerd with trauaile, God forbid,
That wearie bones, ſo ſone ſhould ſeeke for reſt:
Shall ſences ſleepe, when head in houſe is hid,
As though ſome charme, were crept in quiet breſt.
And ſo bewitch, the wits with too much eaſe,
That duls good ſpreete, and blunts quicke ſharpe deuice:
Which climes the Clowdes, and wades through deepeſt Seas,
And goes before, and breakes the frozen Ice,
To cleere the coaſt, and make the paſſage free
For trau'lers all, that will great ſecrets ſee.

When quick conceyt, by ſlouth is rockt aſleepe,
And freſh deuice, goes faynt for lacke of vſe:
Along the limmes, doth lazie humours creepe,
And daylie breedes, in bodie great abuſe.
If mettall fine, be not kept cleane from ruſt,
The brighteſt blade, will ſure ſome cancker take:
And when cleere things, are ſtayned with droſſe and duſt,
They muſt be ſkour'd by ſkill, for profites ſake.
Wit is nought worth, in dole braine to reſt,
Nor gold doth good, that ſtill lyes lockt in cheſt.

The ſoft Downe bed, and Chamber warm'd with fire,
Or thicke furd gowne, is all that ſluggard ſeekes:
But men of ſpreete, whoſe hearts do ſtill aſpire,
Do labour long, with leane and lenten cheekes,
To trye the world, and taſte both ſweete and ſower:
Who much doth ſee, may much both ſpeake and write:
Who little knowes, hath little wit or power
To winne the wiſe, or dwell in worlds delight.
Feare not to toyle, for he that ſowes in paine,
Shall reape with ioye, for more good Corne againe.

In

In reachleſſe youth, whiles fancie flewe with winde,
Fœte could not ſtay, the bodie mou'd ſo faſt:
For euery part, thereof did anſwer minde,
Till aged yéres, ſayd wanton daies were paſt.
If that be true, ſound iudgement ſhould be traught
With grauer thoughts, and greater things of weight:
Sith ſober ſence, at lightneſſe now hath laught,
Thy reaſon ſhould, ſet crooked matters ſtreight:
And newly frame, a forme of fine deuice,
That vertue may, bring knowledge moſt in price.

To treate of tyme, and make diſcourſe of men,
And how the world, doth chop and chaunge eſtate,
Doth well become, an auncient writers pen:
If ſkill will ſerue, ſuch ſecretes to debate.
If no, hold on the courſe thou haſt begun,
To talke of Townes, and Caſtles as they are:
And looke thou doe, no toyle nor trauaile ſhun,
To ſet forth things, that be both ſtraunge and rare.
If age doe dimme, and can abide no toyle,
When thou comeſt home, yet ſet out ſome ſwéete Soyle.

Though ioynts waxe ſtiffe, and bodie heauie growes,
And backe bends downe, to earth where corps muſt lye:
And legges be lame, and gowte créepes in the toes,
Cold crampe, and cough, makes groning goaſt to crye.
When fits are paſt, if any reſt be found,
Plye pen againe, for that ſhall purchaſe praiſe:
Yea though thou canſt, not ride ſo great a ground,
As all ore Wales, in thyne old aged daies:
Forget no place, nor Soyle where thou haſt bin,
With Breaknocke Shiere, than now this booke begin.

Shewe what thyne eyes, are witneſſe of for troth,
And leaue the reſt, to them that after liues:

When

When man is cal'd, away to graue he goeth,
Death ſtealeth the life, that God and nature giues.
Thou haſt no ſtate, nor patent here on earth,
But borrowed breath, the bodie beares about:
Death daylie wayts, on life from howre of birth,
And when he liſts, he blowes thy candle out.
Then leaue ſome worke, in worlds before thou paſſe,
That friends may ſay, loe here a writer was.

My Muſe thus ſayd, and ſo ſhe ſhranke aſide,
As though ſome Spirit, a ſpace had ſpoke to me:
With that I had, a friend of myne eſpyde,
That ſtood farre of, behind a Lawrell tree.
For whom I cal'd, and told him in his eare
My Muſes tale: but therewithall his eyes
Bedeaw'd his cheekes, with many a bitter teare,
For ſorrowe great, that from his heart did riſe.
Oh friend (quoth he) thy race I ſee ſo ſhort,
Thou canſt not liue, to make of Wales report.

For firſt behold, how age and thy miſhap,
Agreed in one, to tread thee vnder foote:
Thou waſt long ſince, flong out of Fortunes lap,
When youths gay blowmes, forſoke both braunch and roote,
And left weake age, as bare as barraine ſtocke,
That neither fruite, nor leaues will growe vpon:
Can feeble bones, abide the ſturdie ſhocke
Of Fortunes force, when youthfull ſtrength is gon:
And if good chaunce, in youth hath fled from thee,
Be ſure in age, thou canſt not happie bee.

Tis hap that muſt, maintaine thy coſt and charge,
By ſome ſuch meane, as great good turnes are gote:
Els walke or ride, abroade the world at large,
And yet great mynd, but makes old age to dote.

Thy trauaile paſt, ſhewes what may after fall,
Long iourneys breedes, diſeaſe and ſickneſſe oft:
Thou haſt not health, nor wiſhed wealth at call,
That glads the heart, and makes men looke aloft.
No ſoyer ſtib, nor nothing nips ſo nére,
As feele much want, yet ſhewe a merrie chére.

My newfound friend, no ſooner this had ſayd,
(Which tryall knowes, both true and words of weight)
But that my mynd, from trauaile long was ſtayd,
Saue that I tooke, in hand a iourney ſtreight,
To Breakenoke Towne, whoſe Seate once throughly pend,
(With ſome ſuch notes, as ſeaſon ſerues therefore)
There all the reſt, of toyle ſhould make an end,
Sith aged limmes, might trauaile Wales no more.
Right ſoyle ſure, I can no further go,
Content perforce, ſith hap will haue it ſo.

Some man begin, to build a goodly Seate,
And frames a worke, of Timber bigge and large:
Yet long before, the workmanſhip be greate,
Another comes, and takes that plot in charge.
Men may not doe, no more then God permits,
The mynd it thinkes, great things to bring to paſſe:
But common courſe, ſo ſone ouercomes the wits,
In péeces lyes, mans ſtate like broken glaſſe.
We purpoſe much, but little power we finde,
With good ſucceſſe, to anſwer mightie minde.

Well, that diſcourſe, let goe as matter paſt,
To Breakenoke now, my pen and muſe are preſt:
And ſith that Soyle, and towne ſhalbe the laſt,
That here I meane, to touch of all the reſt,
In briefeſt ſoyt, it ſhalbe written out:
Yet with ſuch words, as caries credit ſtill,

As other works, in world can breede no dout:
So this small peece, shall shewe my great good will,
That for farewell, to worthie Wales I make,
That followes here, before my leaue I take.

O happie princely Soyle, my pen is farre to bace,
My muse but serues in sted of foyle, to giue a Jewell grace:
My bare inuention cold, and barraine verses vaine,
When they thy glory should vnfold, they do thy Coūtrie staine.
Thy worth some worthie may, set out in golden lines,
And blaze ꝑ fame, w̄ colors gay, whose glistring beautie shines.
My boldnesse was to great, to take the charge in hand,
With wasted wits the braines to beat, to write on such a Land:
Whose people may compare, in high'st degree of praise,
With any now alriue that are, or were in elders daies.
Thy Townes and Castles fayre, so brauely stands in dēde,
They should their honour much apayre, if they my verses nēede.
A writers rurall rime, doth hinder thy good name:
For verse but entertaines the tyme, with topes ꝑ fancies frame.
With Tullies sugred tongue, or Virgils sharpe engine,
Thy rare renowne should still be rong, or sung in verse deuine.
A simple Poets pen, but blots white paper still,
And blurres the brute & praise of men, for want of cunning quill.
If Ouids skill I had, or could like Homer write,
Or Dant would make my muses glad, to please ꝑ worlds delite.
Or Chawser lent me in these daies, some of his learned tales,
As Petrarke did his Lawra praise, so would I speake of Wales.
But all to late I craue, for knowledge wit and sence:
For loke what gifts ꝑ Gods thē gaue, they toke thē al frō hēce,
And left vs nought but bookes, to stare and pore vpon,
On which perchaūce blind bayard lookes, whē I kil & sight is gō.
Our former age did floe, with grace and learned lore,
Then farre behind they come I troe, that striue to run before.
We must goe lagging on, as legges and limmes were lame,
And though long since ꝑ gole was gon, & wit hath won ꝑ game.

We ſhall haue roume to play, and tyme and place withall,
To loke, to reade, to write and ſay, what ſhall in fancie fall.
But woe is me the while, that ouerweenes in want,
When world may at my boldnes ſmile, to ſee my ſkill ſo ſcant.
Yet write in Countries praiſe, that I cannot ſet out,
And ſtands diſcourag'd many waies, to trauaile Wales about.
Yet take now well in worth, the worke I haue begun,
I can no further thing ſet forth, my daies are almoſt dum:
As candle cleere doth burne, to ſocket in ſmall tyme, (pyme.
So age to earth muſt needes returne, when youth hath paſt his

Now Breakenoke ſhiere, as falleth to thy lot,
In place a peere, thou art not ſure forgot:
Nor written of ſo much as I deſire:
For ſickneſſe long, made bodie-ſouls retyre
Unto the Towne where it was borne and bred,
And where perhaps, on turffe muſt lye my hed.
When labors all, ſhall reape a graue for reſt,
And ſilent death, ſhall quiet troubled breſt:
Then as I now, haue somewhat ſayd on thee,
So ſhall ſome friend, haue tyme to write on mee.
Whoſe reſtleſſe muſe, and wearie waking minde,
To pleaſure world, did oft great leaſure finde:
And who reioyſt, and toke a great delight,
For knowledge ſake, to ſtudie reade and write.

The Towne and Church *of Breakenoke.*

THE Towne is built, as in a pit it were,
By water ſide, all lapt about with hilles
You may behold a ruinous Caſtle there,
Somewhat defaſte, the walles yet ſtandeth ſtill.
Small narrowe ſtreates, through all the Towne ye haue, Maiſter Gams dwelles here.
Yet in the ſame, are ſondrie houſes braue:

Doctor Awberie hath a houſe here.

Well built without, yea trim and fayre within,
With ſweete proſpect, that ſhall your fauour win.

The Riuer Oske, and Hondie runnes thereby,
Fower Bridges good, of ſtone ſtands ore each ſtreame:
The greateſt Bridge, doth to the Colledge lye,
A free houſe once, where many a rotten beame
Hath bene of late, through age and trackt of tyme:
Which Biſhop now, reſourmes with ſtone and lyme.
Had it not bene, with charge repayrd in haſte,
That houſe and Seate, had ſurely gon to waſte.

Two Churches doth, belong vnto this Towne,
One ſtands on hill, where once a Priorie was:
Which chaung'd the name, when Abbyes were put downe,
But now the ſame, for Parriſh Church doth paſſe.
Another place, for Morning prayer is,
Made long agoe, that ſtandeth hard by this.
Built in this Church, a Tombe of two I finde,
That worthie is, in briefe to bring to minde.

The auncient houſe of Gams.

Three couple lyes, one ore the others head,
Along in Tombe, and all one race and lyne:
And to be plaine, two couple lyeth dead,
The third likewiſe, as deſtinie ſhall aſſyne,
Shall lye on top, right ore the other twaine:
Their pictures now, all readie there remaine,
In ſigne when God appoynts the terme and date,
All fleſh and blood muſt yeeld to mortall fate.

Theſe are in deede, the auncient race of Gams,
A houſe and blood, that long rich Armes doth giue:
And now in Wales, are many of their names,
That keepes great trayne, and doth full brauely liue.
The eldeſt Sonne, and chiefeſt of that race,
Doth beare in Armes, a ramping Lyon crowned,

And

And three Speare heads, and three red Cocks in place,
A Dragons head, all greene therein is found:
And in his mouth, a red and bloodie hand,
All this and more, vpon the Tombe doth stand.

Three fayre boyes heads, and euery one of those
A Serpent hath close lapt about his necke:
A great white Bucke, and as you may suppose,
Right ore the same, (which doth it trimly decke)
A crowne there is, that makes a goodly shoe,
A Lyon blacke, and three Bulles heads I troe:
Three Flowerdeluce, all fresh and white they were,
Two Swords, two Crownes, with fayre long crosse is there.

The Armes of the Gams.

Three Bats, whose wings were spreaded all at large,
And three white barres were in these Armes likewise:
Let Harroldes now, to whom belongs that charge,
Describe these things, for me this may suffise.
Yet further now, I forced am to goe,
Of seuerall men, some other Armes to shoe.
Within that Church, there lyes beneath the Quere,
These persons two, whose names now shall ye heare.

In Tombe of stone, full fayre and finely wrought,
One Waters lyes, with wife fast by his side:
Of some great stocke, these couple may be thought,
As by their Armes, on Tombe may well be tride.
Full at his feete, a goodly Greyhound lyes,
And at his head there is before your eyes
Three Libbarts heads, three cups, two Eagles splayd,
A fayre red Crosse: and further to be sayd.

The Armes of one Water.

A Lyon blacke, a Serpent fircely made,
With tayle wound vp: these Armes thus endeth so.
Crosse legg'd by him, as was the auncient trade,
Debreos lyes, in picture as I troe,

His name was Reynold Debreos.

Of moſt hard wood: which wood as diuers ſay
No wo̱rme can eate, no̱r tyme can weare away:
A couching Hound, as Harrolds thought full mæte,
In wood likewiſe, lyes vnderneath his feete.

Juſt by the ſame, Meredith Thomas lyes,
Who had great grace, great wit and wo̱rſhip both,
And world him thought, both happie bleſt and wiſe,
A man that lou'd, good Juſtice faith and troth.
Right o̱re this Tombe, of ſtone, to his great fame,
Good ſto̱re in deede of Latin verſes are,
And euery verſe, ſet fo̱rth in ſuch good frame,
That truely doth his life and death declare.
This man was likt, fo̱r many graces good
That he poſſeſt, beſides his birth and blood.

Somewhat of ſome Riuers and VVaters.

Glaſſeberies Bridge is within two myle of Porthamwel.

OF other things, as farre as knowledge goes,
Now muſt I wo̱rite, to furniſh fo̱rth this booke:
Some Shieres doe part at Waters, tryall ſhowes
There, who ſo liſt vpon the ſame to looke.
Dulace doth runne, along vnto the Hay,
So Hartford ſhiere, from Breakenoke parteth there.
Brennick Deelyes, Thlauenny as they ſay
At Tawllgath mætes, ſo into Wye they beare:
From Arthurs Hill, Tyrarell runnes apace,
And into Oske and Breakenoke runnes his race.

Maiſter Robert Knowles that maried one of the heires of the Vaughhans hath a fayre houſe and a Parke at Porthamwell.

Nere Breakenoke Towne, there is a Mountaine hye,
Which ſhewes ſo huge, it is full hard to clime:
The Mountaine ſeemes ſo monſtrous to the eye,
Yet thouſands doe repayre to that ſometime.

And

And they that ſtand, right on the top ſhal ſee
A wonder great, as people doe repoꝛt:
Which common bꝛute, and ſaying true may bee,
But ſince in deede, I did not there reſoꝛt,
I wꝛite no moꝛe, then woꝛld will witneſſe well:
Let them that pleaſe, of thoſe ſtraunge wonders tell.

What is ſet downe, I haue it ſurely ſeene,
As one that toyld and trauayld foꝛ the troth:
I will not ſay, ſuch things are as I weene,
And frame a verſe, as common voyces goeth.
Noꝛ yet to pleaſe the humoꝛs of ſome men,
I liſt not ſtretch, noꝛ racke my termes awꝛy:
My muſe will not ſo farre abuſe the pen.
That wꝛiter ſhall gayne any blot thereby:
So he haue thanke in vſing ydle quill,
He ſeekes no moꝛe foꝛ paines and great good will.

¶ Ludloe Towne, Church *and Caſtle.*

THE Towne doth ſtand moſt part vpon an Hill,
Built well and fayꝛe, with ſtreates both large and wide:
The houſes ſuch, where ſtraungers lodge at will.
As long as there the Councell liſts abide,
Both fine and cleane the ſtreates are all thꝛoughout,
With Condits cleere, and wholeſome water ſpꝛings:
And who that liſts to walke the Towne about,
Shall finde therein ſome rare and pleaſant things:
But chiefly there the ayꝛe ſo ſweete you haue,
As in no place ye can no better craue.

The names of ſtreates there.
Caſtle ſtreate.
Broad ſtreate.
Old ſtreate.
And the Mill ſtreate.
A fayre houſe by the gate of the making of Iuſtice Walter.

The Market houſe, where Coꝛne and Cates are ſold,
Is couered oꝛe, and kept in fineſt ſoꝛt:

Nere this is a fayre houſe of Maiſter Sackfords which he did buyld, and a fayre houſe that Maiſter Secretarie Foxe did beſtowe great charges on, & a houſe that Maiſter Berrie dwelles in. M. Townesend hath a fayre houſe at Saint Auſtins once a Frierie. The Lord Preſident Sir Harrie Sidneys Daughter, called Ambroſia, is entombed here in moſt braueſt maner and great chargeable workmanſhip on the right hand of the Aulter. On the ſame is my Lord of Warwicks Armes excellētly wrought, and my Lord Preſidents Armes and others, are in like ſort there richly ſet out.

From which ye ſhall, the Caſtle well behold,
And to which walke, doe many men reſort.
On euery ſide thereof fayre houſes are,
That makes a ſhewe, to pleaſe both mynd and eye:
The Church nere that, where monuments full rare
There is, (wherein doth ſondrie people lye)
My pen ſhall touch, becauſe the notes I finde
Therein, deſerue to be well borne in minde.

Within the Quere, there is a Ladie layd
In Tombe moſt rich, the top of fayre Touchſtone:
There was beſtow'd in honour of this mayd,
Great coſt and charge, the trueth may well be knowne.
For as the Tombe, is built in ſumptuous guiſe,
So to the ſame, a cloſet fayre is wrought,
Where Lords may ſit in ſtately ſolemne wiſe,
As though it were a fine deuice of thought,
To beautifie both Tombe and euery part
Of that fayre worke, that there is made by arte.

Againſt that Tombe, full on the other ſide,
A Knight doth lye, that Juſtice Townesend hight:
His wife likewiſe, ſo ſone as that ſhe dyed,
In this rich Tombe, was buryed by this Knight:
And trueth to tell, Dame Alice was her name,
An Heire in deede, that brought both wealth and land,
And as world ſayth, a worthie vertuous Dame,
Whoſe auncient Armes, in colours there doth ſtand:
And many more, whoſe Armes I doe not knowe,
Unto this Knight, are ioyned all a roe.

Amid the Church, a Chantrie Chappell ſtands,
Where Hozier lyes, a man that did much good:
Beſtow'd great wealth, and gaue thereto ſome lands,
And helpt poore ſoules that in neceſſitie ſtood.

As many men, are bent to win good will
By some good turne, that they may freely showe:
So Hoziers hands, and head were wozking still:
Foz those he did, in det oz daunger knowe.
He simpld to see, a begger at his dooze:
Foz all his iope, was to releeue the pooze.

Another man, whose name was Cookes foz troth,
Like Hozier was, in all good gifts of grace:
This Cookes did giue, great lands and liuings both,
Foz to maintaine, a Chauntrie in that place.
A yeerely dole, and monthly almes likewise
He ordaynd there, which now the pooze doe mis:
His wife and he, within that Chappell lyes,
Where yet full plaine, the Chauntrie standing is:
Some other things, of note there may you see
Within that Church, not touched now by mee.

Yet Beawpy must, be nam'd good reason why,
Foz he bestow'd, great charge before he dyde,
To helpe pooze men, and now his bones doth lye
Full neere the Font, vpon the fozmost side.
Thus in those daies, the pooze was lookt vnto,
The rich was glad, to fling great wealth away:
So that their almes, the pooze some good might do.
In pooze mens boxe, who doth his treasure lay,
Shall finde againe, ten fold foz one he leaues:
Oz els my hope, and knowledge me deceiues.

THE Castle now, I mynd here to set out,
It stands right well, and pleasant to the vewe,
With sweete prospect, yea all the field about.
An auncient Seate, yet many buildings newe
Lord Presdent made, to giue it greater fame:
But if I must, discourse of things as true,

Sir Robert Townes-end Knight lyes in a maruelos fayre Tombe in the Queere here, and his wife by him, at his feete is a red Rowbuck, and a word *tout en dieu*. On the left hand Hozier lyes in the bowdie of the Church. On the righe hand Cookes lyes. This man was my mothers father. Beawpy was a great ritch and verteous man, he made another Chantrie.

The Castle of Ludloe.

Sir Harry Sidney built many things here worthie praise and memorie.

There are great woꝛks, that now doth beare no name,
Which were of old, and yet may pleaſure you
To ſee the ſame: foꝛ loe in elders daies
Was much beſtow'd, that now is much to pꝛaiſe.

Ouer a Chimney excellently wrought in the beſt chamber, is S. Androwes Croſſe ioyned to Prince Arthurs Armes in the hallwindowe.

Pꝛince Arthurs Armes, is there well wꝛought in ſtone,
(A woꝛthie woꝛke, that fewe oꝛ none may mend)
This woꝛke not ſuch, that it may paſſe alone:
Foꝛ as the tyme, did alwaies people ſend
To woꝛld, that might exceede in wit and ſpꝛeete:
So ſondꝛie ſoꝛts of woꝛks are in that Seate,
That foꝛ ſo hye a ſtately place is meete:
Which ſhewes this day, the woꝛkmanſhip is greate.
Loke on my Loꝛds, and ſpeak your fancies thꝛow,
And you will pꝛaiſe, fayꝛe Ludloe Caſtle now.

In it beſides, (the woꝛks are here vnnam'd)
A Chappell is, moſt trim and coſtly ſure,
So bꝛauely wꝛought, ſo fayꝛe and finely fram'd,
That to woꝛlds end, the beautie may endure.
About the ſame, are Armes in colours fitch,
As fewe can ſhewe, in any Soyle oꝛ place:
A great deuice, a woꝛke moſt rare and ritch:
Which truely ſhewes, the Armes, the blood and race
Of ſondꝛie Kings, but chiefly Noble men,
That here in pꝛoſe, I will ſet out with pen.

All that followes are Armes of Princes and Noblemen.

Sir Walter Lacie was firſt owner of Ludloe Caſtle, whoſe Armes are there, and ſo followes the reſt by oꝛder as you may reade.

Jeffrey Genyuile, did match with Lacie.

Roger Moꝛtymer the firſt Earle of Partchy an Earle of a great houſe matcht with Genyuile.

Leonell

Leonell Duke of Clarence ioyned with Ulster in Armes.

Edmond Earle of Marchy matched with Clarence.

Richard Earle of Cambridge matcht with the Earle of Marchy.

Richard Duke of Yorke matcht with Westmerland.

Edward the fourth matcht with Woduile of Riuers.

Henry the seuenth matcht with Elizabeth right heire of England.

Henry the eight matcht with the Marquese of Penbroke.

These are the greatest first to be named that are there set out worthely as they were of dignitie and birth.

Now followes the rest of those that were Lord Presidents, and others whose Armes are in the same Chappell.

William Smith Bishop of Lincolne was the first Lord President of Wales in Prince Arthurs daies.

Jeffrey Blythe Bishoppe of Couentrie and Litchfield Lord President.

Rowland Lée Bishoppe of Couentrie and Litchfield Lord President.

Jhon Veisie Bishop of Exeter Lord President.

Richard Sampson Bishop of Couentrie and Litchfield Lord President.

John Dudley Earle of Warwick (after Duke of Northumberland) Lord Preſident.

Sir William Harbert (after Earle of Penbroke) Lord Preſident.

Nicholas Heath Biſhop of Worceſter Lord Preſident.

Sir William Harbert once againe Lord Preſident.

Gilbert Browne Biſhop of Bathe and Welles Lord Preſident.

Lord Williams of Tame Lord Preſident.

Sir Harrry Sidney Lord Preſident.

Sir Andrew Corbet Knight, Vicepreſident.

There are two blancks left without Armes.

Sir Thomas Dynam Knight, is mentioned there to doe ſome great good act.

John Scory Biſhop of Hartford.

Nicholas Bullingham, Biſhop of Worceſter.

Nicholas Robinſon, Biſhop of Bangore.

Richard Dauies, Biſhop of Saint Dauies.

Thomas Dauies, Biſhop of Saint Aſſaph.

Sir James Croſts Knight, Controller.

Sir John Throgmorton Knight, Iuſtice of Cheſter and the three Shieres of Eaſtwales.

Sir Hugh Cholmley Knight.

Sir Nicholas Arnold Knight.

Sir George Bromley Knight, and Iuſtice of the three ſhieres in Wales.

William Gerrard, Lord Chauncellor of Ireland, and Iuſtice of the three Shieres in Southwales.

Charles Foxe Eſquier and Secretorie.

Ellice Price Doctor of the Lawe.

Edward Leighton Eſquier.

Richard Seborne Eſquier.

Richard Pates Eſquier.

Rafe Barton Eſquier.

George Phetyplace Eſquier.

William Leighton Eſquier.

Myles Sands Eſquier.

The Armes of al theſe afore ſpoken of are gallantly and cunningly ſet out in the Chappell.

Now is to be rehearſed, that Sir Harry Sidney being Lord Preſident, buylt twelue roumes in the ſayd Caſtle, which goodly buildings doth ſhewe a great beautie to the ſame.

The great water called Teã, comes 17. mile frõ a place called the Whitehall neere vnto Begyldie in the County of Radnor.

He made alſo a goodly Wardrope vnderneath the new Parlor, and repayred an old Tower, called Mortymers Tower, to kéepe the auncient Records in the ſame: and he repayred a fayre rowme vnder the Court houſe, to the ſame entent and purpoſe, and made a great wall about the woodyard, & built a moſt braue Condit within the inner Court: and all the newe buildings ouer the Gate Sir Harry Sidney (in his daies and gouernement there) made and ſet out to the honour of the Quéene, and glorie of the Caſtle.

The Forreſt of Brenwood is weſt from the towne. The Chace of Mocktric and Ockley Parkes ſtāds not farre from thence.

There are in a goodly or ſtately place ſet out my Lord Earle of Warwicks Armes, the Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Worceſter, the Earle of Penbroke, and Sir Harry Sidneys Armes in like maner: al theſe ſtand on the left hand of the Chamber. On the other ſide are the Armes of Northwales and Southwales, two red Lyons and two golden Lyons, Prince Arthurs.

A deuice of the Lord Preſidents.

At the end of the dyning Chamber, there is a prétie deuice how the Hedgehog brake the chayne, and came from Ireland to Ludloe.

There is in the Hall a great grate of Iron of a huge height: ſo much is written only of the Caſtle.

The Towne of Ludloe, and many *good gifts graunted to the ſame.*

He gaue great poſſeſſions, large liberties, and did incorporate them with many goodly freedomes.

KIng Edward fourth, for ſeruice truely done,
When Henry ſixt, and he had mortall warre:
No ſoner he, by force the victorie wone,
But with great things, the Towne he did préfarre.
Gaue lands thereto, and libertie full large,
Which royall gifts, his bountie did declare,
And dayly doth, maintayne the Townes great charge:
Whoſe people now, in as great freedome are,

As

As any men, vnder this rule and Crowne,
That liues and dwels, in Citie or in Towne.

That Towne hath bin well gouerned a long while with two Bayliefes, twelue Aldermen, and fiue and thirtie Commoners, a Recorder & a Townclarke aſſiſtant to the ſayd Bayliefes by iudiciall courſe of lawe weekely, in as large and ample maner for their triall betweene partie and partie, as any Cittie or Borrowe of England hath.

Two Bayliefes rules, one yéere the Towne throughout,
Twelue Aldermen, they haue there in likewiſe:
Who doth beare ſway, as turne doth come about,
Who choſen are, by oth and auncient guiſe.
Good lawes they haue, and open place to pleade,
In ample ſort, for right and Juſtice ſake:
A Preacher too, that dayly there doth reade,
A Schoolemaſter, that doth good ſchollers make.
And for the Queere, are boyes brought vp to ſing,
And ſo ſerue God, and doe none other thing.

The poore haue ſweete lodgings each one a part to himſelfe.

Thrée tymes a day, in Church good Seruice is,
At ſixe a clocke, at nine, and then at three:
In which due howers, a ſtraunger ſhall not miſs,
But ſondrie ſorts, of people there to ſee.
And thirtie three, poore perſons they maintaine,
Who weékely haue, both money, almes and ayde:
Their lodging free, and further to be plaine,
Still once a weeke, the poore are truely payde:
Which ſhewes great grace, and goodneſſe in that Seate,
Where rich doth ſee, the poore ſhall want no meate.

An Hoſpitall, there hath bene long of old,
And many things, pertayning to the ſame:
A goodly Guyld, the Townſhip did vphold,
By Edwards gift, a King of worthie fame.
This Towne doth chooſe, two Burgeſſes alwaies
For Parliament, the cuſtome ſtill is ſo:
Two Fayres a yéere, they haue on ſeuerall daies,
Three Markets kept, but monday chiefe I troe:
And two great Parkes, there are full néere the Towne,
But thoſe of right, pertaine vnto the Crowne.

An Hoſpitall called S. Iones.

A Guyld that King Edward (by Letters Patents) gaue to the Bayliefs and Burgeſſes of the towne.

The Aldermē are Iuſtices of the Peace for the time being

Theſe

Theſe things rehearſt, makes Ludloe honord mitch,
And would to thinke, it is an auncient Seate:
Where many men, both worthie wiſe and ritch
Were borne and bred, and came to credit great.
Our auncient Kings, and Princes there did reſt,
Where now full oft, the Preſident dwels a ſpace:
It ſtands for Wales, moſt apt, moſt fit and beſt,
And neereſt to, at hand of any place:
Wherefore I thought, it good before I end,
Within this booke, this matter ſhould be pend.

The reſt of Townes, that in Shropſhiere you haue,
I needs not touch, they are ſo throughly knowne:
And further more, I knowe they cannot craue
To be of Wales, how euer byute be blowne.
So wiſhing well, as duetie doth me binde,
To one and all, as farre as power may goe,
I knit vp here, as one that doth not minde
Of native Soyle, no further now to ſhowe.
So ceaſe my muſe, let pen and paper pauſe,
Till thou art calde, to write of other cauſe.

An Introduction to remember *Shropſhiere.*

HOw hath thy muſe ſo long bene luld a ſléepe?
What deadly drinke, hath ſence in ſlumber brought?
Doth poyſon cold, through blood and boſome créepe?
Or is of ſpite, ſome charme by witchcraft wrought,
That vitall ſpirites, hath loſt their feeling quite?
Or is the hand, ſo weake it cannot write?
Come pole man, and ſhewe ſome honeſt cauſe,
Why writers pen, makes now ſo great a pauſe.

A deuice of the Author called Reaſons threatning.

Full from Welſhbridge, along by meddowes greene,
The Riuer runs, moſt fayre and fine to bewe:
Such fruitfull ground, as this is ſeldome ſeene
In many parts, if that I heare be true.
Yet each man knowes, that graſſe is in his pride,
And ayre is freſh, by euery Riuers ſide:
But ſure this plot, doth farre ſurpaſſe the reſt,
That by good lot, is not with graces bleſt.

There is a bridge called Welſhbridge, which ſhewes Shrewſeburie to be of Wales

Who hath deſire, to bewe both hill and vale,
Walke vp old wall, of Caſtle rude and bare,
And he ſhall ſee, ſuch pleaſure ſet to ſale,
In kindly ſort, as though ſome Marchants ware
Were ſet in ſhop, to pleaſe the paſſer by:
Deeis by ſhewe, beguyld the gazers eye:
For loke but downe, along the pleaſant coaſt,
And he ſhall thinke, his labour is not loſt.

The Caſtle though old and ruynate ſtands moſt braue and gallantly.

Maiſter Prince his houſe ſtãds ſo trim and finely, that it graceth all the Soyle it is in.

One way appeares, Stonebridge and Subbarbs there,
Which called is, the Abbey Foſehed yet:
A long great ſtreate, well builded large and faire,
In as good ayre, as may be wiſht with wit:
Where Abbey ſtands, and is ſuch ring of Belles,
As is not found, from London vnto Welles:
The Steeple yet, a gracious pardon findes,
To bide all blaſts, all wethers ſtormes and windes.

Another way, full ore Welſhbridge there is,
An auncient ſtreate, cal'd Franckwell many a day:
To Oſeſtri, the people paſſe through this,
And vnto Wales, it is the reddie way.
In Subbarbs to, is Caſtle Foſehed both,
A ſtreate well pau'd, two ſeuerall waies that goeth:
All this without, and all the Towne within,
When Caſtle ſtood, to bewe hath ſubiect bin.

Here is the way to Meluerley, to Wattels Borrow where Ma. Leighton dwelles, to Cawx Caſtle Lord Staffords, and to Maiſter Williams houſe.

The worthines

Aldermen in Scarlet orderly in Shrewſebu-rie, and two Baylieſes as richly ſet-out as any Mayor of ſome great Cities.

But now doth hold, their frædome of the Prince,
And as is found, in Recoyds true vnfaynd,
This trim ſhiere towne, was buylt a great while ſince:
Whoſe priuiledge, by loyaltie was gaynd.
Two Baylieſes there, doth rule as courſe doth fall,
In ſtate like Maioy, and oyders good withall:
Each officer due, that fits foy ſtately place,
Each yære they haue, to yæld the roume moye grace.

Great & coſtly banquetting in Chriſtmas and at all Seſſions & Sizes.

On ſollemne daies, in Scarlet gownes they goe.
Good houſe they kæpe, as cauſe doth ſerue therefoye:
But Chriſtmas feaſts, compares with all I knowe
Saue London ſure, whoſe ſtate is farre much moye.
That Cities charge, makes ſtraungers bluſh to ſee,
So pyincely ſtill, it is in each degree:
But though it beare, a Toych beyond the beſt,
This Lanterne light, may ſhine among the reſt.

A matter of trafficke to be noted and cõſidered of.

This Towne with moye, fit members foy the head,
Makes London ritch, yet reapes great gayne from thence:
It giues good gold, foy Clothes and markes of lead,
And foy Welſh ware, exchaungeth Engliſh pence.

London compared to the flowing Sea.

A fountaine head, that many Condits ſerue,
Kæpes moyſt dyye Spyings, and doth it ſelfe pyeſerue:
The flowing Sea, to which all Riuers run,
May ſpare ſome ſhewyes, to quench the heate of Sun.

The great muſt maintaine the ſmal.

So London muſt, like mother to the Realme,
To all her babes, giue milke, giue ſucke and pap:
Small Bvokes ſwelles vp, by foyce of mightie ſtreame,
As little things, from greateſt gaynes good hap.
If Shrewſebrie thyiue, and laſt in this good lucke,
It is not like, to lacke of woyldly mucke:
The trade is great, the Towne and Seate ſtands well,
Great healthy they haue, in ſuch ſwæte Soyles that dwell.

Thus

Thus farre I goe, to proue this Wales in deede,
Or els at least, the matches of the same:
But further speake, of Shiere it is no neede,
Saue Ludloe now, a Towne of noble fame:
A goodly Seate, where oft the Councell lyes,
Where Monuments, are found in auncient guyse:
Where Kings and Quéenes, in pompe did long abyde,
And where God pleasde, that good Prince Arthur dyde.

Ludloe is set out after.

This Towne doth front, on Wales as right as lyne,
So sondrie Townes, in Shropshiere doe for troth:
As Ozestry, a prettie Towne full fine,
Which may be lou'd, be likte and praysed both.
It stands so trim, and is maintayned so cleane,
And peopled is, with folke that well doe meane:
That it deserues, to be enrould and thrynd
In each good breast, and euery manly mynd.

Ozestrie and Bishops Castle doth front in Wales.

The Market there, so farre excéedes withall,
As no one Towne, comes néere it in some sort:
For loke what may, be wisht or had at call,
It is there found, as market men report.
For Poultrie, Foule, of euery kind somewhat,
No place can shewe, so much more cheape then that:
All kind of Cates, that Countrie can afford,
For money there, is bought with one bare word.

Of a notable market a meruelous matter.

They hacke not long, about the thing they sell,
For price is knowne, of each thing that is brought:
Poore folke God wot, in Towne no longer dwell,
Then money had, perhaps a thing of nought:
So trudge they home, both barelegge and vnshod,
With song in Welch, or els in praysing God:
O sweéte content, O merrie mynd and mood,
With sweat of browes, thou lou'st to get thy food.

Poore folkes makes fewe words in bargayning.

The bleſſed-neſſe of plaine people.

O plaine good folke, that haue no craftie braines,
O Conſcience cleere, thou knowſt no cunning knacks:
O harmleſſe hearts, where feare of God remaines,
O ſimple Soules, as ſweete as Virgin wax.
O happie heads, and labouring bodies bleſt,
O ſillie Doues, of holy Abrahams breſt:
You ſleepe in peace, and riſe in ioye and bliſſe,
For Heauen hence, for you prepared is.

A rare report yet truely giuen of Wales.

Where ſhall we finde, ſuch dealing now adaies?
Where is ſuch cheere, ſo cheape and chaunge of fare?
Ride North and South, and ſearch all beaten waies,
From Barwick bounds, to Venice if you dare,
And finde the like, that I in Wales haue found,
And I ſhall be, your ſlaue and bondman bound.
If Wales be thus, as tryall well ſhall proue,
Take Wales goodwill, and giue them neighbours loue.

You muſt reade further before you finde Ludloe deſcribed.

To Ludloe now, my muſe muſt needes returne,
A ſeaſon ſhort, no long diſcourſe doth craue:
Tyme rouleth on, I doe but daylight burne,
And many things, in deede to doe I haue.
Loke what great Towne, doth front on Wales this bower,
I minde to touch, God ſparing life and power:
Not hyerd thereto, but hal'de by harts deſire
To giue them praiſe, whoſe deedes doe fame require.

Verte folium.

Of Shrewſebury Churches and the Monuments

The Authors forgetfulneſſe excuſed.

therein, with a Bridge of ſtone two bowſhot long, and a ſtreate called Colam, being in the Subbarbs, and a fayre Bridge there in like maner: all this was forgotten in the firſt copie.

I Had ſuch haſte, in hope to be but briefe,
That Monuments, in Churches were forgot:

And

And ſomewhat more, behind the walles as chiefe,
Where Playes haue bin, which is moſt worthie note.
There is a ground, newe made Theator wiſe,
Both deepe and hye, in goodly auncient guiſe:
Where well may ſit, ten thouſand men at eaſe,
And yet the one, the other not diſpleaſe.

A pleaſant and artificiall peece of ground

A ſpace belowe, to bayt both Bull and Beare,
For Players too, great roume and place at will.
And in the ſame, a Cocke pit wondrous feare,
Beſides where men, may wraſtle in their fill.
A ground moſt apt, and they that ſits aboue,
At once in vewe, all this may ſee for loue:
At Aſtons Play, who had beheld this then,
Might well haue ſeene, there twentie thouſand men.

Maiſter Aſton was a good and godly Preacher.

Fayre Seuarne ſtreame, runs round about this ground,
Saue that one ſide, is cloſde with Shrewſebrie wall:
And Seuarne bankes, whoſe beautie doth abound,
In that ſame Soyle, behold at will ye ſhall.
Who comes to marke, and note what may be ſeene,
Shall ſurely ſee, great pleaſures on this greene:
Who walkes the bankes, and thinkes his payne not greate,
Shall ſay the Towne, is ſure a princely Seate.

A Friery houſe ſtood by this ground called the Welſh Fryers. In Shrewſebu-rie were three Fryer houſes.

Without the walles, as Subbarbs buylded bee,
So doe they ſtand, as armes and legges to Towne:
Each one a ſtreate, doth anſwer in degree,
And by ſome part, comes Seuarne running downe:
As though that ſtreame, had mynd to garde them all,
And as through bridge, this flood doth daply fall,
So of Freeſtone, three Bridges bigge there are,
All ſtately built, a thing full ſtraunge and rare.

Then iudge by this, and other things a heape,
They had deepe ſkill, that firſt the founders were:

God right they ſhould, the fruite of labour reape,
Whoſe wit and wealth, did all the charges beare.
O fathers wiſe, and wits beyond the nicke,
That had the head, the ſpyrites and ſence ſo quicke:
O golden age, that car'de not what was ſpent,
So leaden daies, did ſtand therewith content.

Gold were thoſe yeres, that ſparde ſuch ſiluer pence,
And brazen world, was that which hoorded all:
The leaden daies, that we haue lauerd ſince,
Bytes to the bones, and taſteth worſe then gall.
What newe things now, with frankneſſe well begun,
Can ſtaine thoſe deedes, our fathers old haue done:
Great Townes they buylt, great Churches reard likewiſe,
Which makes our fame, to fall and theirs to riſe.

Loke on the woorks, and wits of former age,
And our tyme ſhall, come dragging farre behind:
If both tymes might, be plainly playd on ſtage,
And old tyme paſt, be truely calde to mind,
For all our braue, fine glorious buyldings gay,
Tyme paſt would run, with all the fame away.
Aſke Oxford that, and Cambridge if it pleaſe,
In this one poynt, ſhall you reſolue at eaſe.

A briefe diſcourſe of auncient tyme.

In auncient tyme, our elders had deſire,
To buyld their Townes, on ſteepe and ſtately hill:
To ſhewe that as, their hearts did ſtill aſpyre,
So ſhould their woorks, declare their woorthie will.
And for that then, the world was full of ſtrife,
And fewe men ſtod, aſſur'd of land or life:
Such quarrels roſe, about great rule and ſtate,
That no one Soyle, was free from foule debate.

The occaſion of buylding ſtrong Holds.

For which ſharpe cauſe, that dayly bred diſcord,
They made ſtrong Holds, and Caſtles of defence:

And

And ſuch as weare, the Kings the Prince and Lord
Of any place, would ſpare for no expence,
To ſee that ſafe, that they had hardly won:
For which ſure poynt, were Forts and Townes begun:
And further loe, if people waxed wyld,
They brought in feare, by this both man an child.

And if men may iudge who had moſt ado,
Or geſſe by Forts, and Holds what Land was beſt:
Or looke vpon, our common quarrels to:
Or ſearch what made, men ſeeke for peace and reſt,
Behold but Wales, and note the Caſtles there,
And you ſhall finde, no ſuch workes any where:
So old ſo ſtrong, ſo coſtly and ſo hye,
Not vnder Sunne, is to be ſeene with eye.

Wales hath a wonderfull number of Caſtles.

And to be plaine, ſo many Holds they haue,
As ſure it is, a world to marke them well:
Pauſe there a while, my muſe muſt pardon craue,
Pen may not long, vpon ſuch matter dwell.
Now Denbigh comes, to be ſet forth in verſe,
Which ſhall both Towne, and Caſtle here rehearſe:
So that the verſe, ſuch credit may attayne,
As writer ſhall, not loſe no peece of payne.

A deſcription of Denbighſhiere.

An Introduction to bring *in Denbighſhiere.*

HAth ſlouth and ſleepe, bewitcht my ſences ſo,
That head cannot, awake the ydle hand:
Is frendly muſe, become ſo great a foe,
That labring pen, in penno for ſtill ſhall ſtand.
What trifeling toye, doth trouble writers brayne,
That earneſt loue, forgets ſweete Poets payne:

A conceyted toy to ſet a broach an earneſt matter.

Bid welcome mirth, and ſad conceytes adue,
And fall againe, to write ſome matter newe.

Let old deuice, a Lanterne be to this,
To giue ſkill light, and make ſound iudgement ſee:
Since gazing eyes, hath ſeene what each thing is,
And that no Towne, nor Soyle is hid from thee:
Set forth in verſe, as well this Countrey here,
As thou at large, haſt ſet out Monmouthſhiere:
Praiſe one alone, the reſt will thee diſdaine,
A day may come, at length to quite thy paine.

Being Muſter-maiſter of Kent more chargeable then well cõſidered of there.

Though former toyles, be loſt in Sommer laſt,
Diſpayre not now, for Wales is thankfull ſtill:
Thou haſt gon farre, the greateſt brunt is paſt,
Then forward paſſe, and plucke not backe good will,
Put hand to Plough, like man goe through with all,
Thy ground is good, run on thou canſt not fall:
When ſeede is ſowne, and tyme beſtowes ſome paine,
Thou ſhalt be knowne, a reaper of good graine.

Hold on thy courſe, and trauaile Wales all ore,
And whet thy wits, to marke and note it well:
And thou ſhalt ſee, thou neuer ſaw'ſt before,
Right goodly things, in deede that doth excell:
More auncient Townes, more famous Caſtles old,
Then well farre of, with eaſe thou mayſt behold:
With Denbighſhiere, thy ſecond worke begin,
And thou ſhalt ſee, what glorie thou ſhalt win.

Chirke Caſtle a goodly and princely houſe yet.

So I tooke horſe, and mounted vp in haſte,
From Monmouthſhiere, a long the coaſts I ryde:
When froſt and ſnowe, and wayward winters waſte,
Did beate from tree, both leaues and Sommers pryde.
I entred firſt, at Chirke, right ore a Broke,
Where ſaying ſtill, on Countrey well to loke.

A Caſtle fayre, appéarde to ſight of eye,
Whoſe walles were great, and towers both large and hye.

Full vnderneath, the ſame doth Kéerpock run,
A raging Bꝛooke, when rayne oꝛ ſnowe is greate:
It was ſome Pꝛince, that firſt this houſe begun,
It ſhewes farre of, to be ſo bꝛaue a Seate.
On ſide of hill, it ſtands moſt trim to vewe,
An old ſtrong place, a Caſtle nothing newe.
A goodly thing, a pꝛincely Pallace yet,
If all within, were thꝛoughly furniſht fit.

Keeryock a wondrous violent water.

Maiſter Iohn Edwards hath a fayre houſe nere this.

Beyond the ſame, there is a Bꝛidge of ſtone,
That ſtands on Dée, a Riuer déepe and ſwift:
It ſeemes as it, would riue the Rocks alone,
Oꝛ vndermyne, with foꝛce the craggie Clift.
To Cheſter runs, this Riuer all along,
With guſhing ſtreame, and roꝛing water ſtrong:
On both the ſides, are bankes and hilles good ſtoꝛe,
And mightie ſtones, that makes the Riuer roꝛe.

Newe Bridge on the Riuer Dee.

It flowes with winde, although no rayne there bée,
And ſwelles like Sea, with waues and foming flood:
A wonder ſure, to ſee this Riuer Dée,
With winde alone, to waxe ſo wyld and wood,
Make ſuch a ſturre, as water would be mad,
And ſhewe ſuch like, as though ſome ſpꝛéete it had.
A cauſe there is, a nature foꝛ the ſame,
To bꝛing this flood, in ſuch ſtraunge caſe and frame.

A ſtraũge nature of a water

There is a poole in Meryonethſhiere of three myle long rageth ſo by ſtorme that it makes this Riuer flowe.

Not farre from this, there ſtands on little mount,
A right fayꝛe Church, with pillars large and wide:
A monument, therein of good account,
Full finely wꝛought, amid the Quéere I ſpyde,
A Tombe there is, right rich and ſtately made,
Where two doth lye, in ſtone and auncient trade.

Ruabon Church is a fayre peece of worke.

The man and wife, with ſumptuous ſollemne guyſe,
In this ſtich ſort, before the Aulter lyes.

This Gentleman was called Iohn Bellis Eytton.

His head on creſt, and warlike Helmet ſtayes,
A Lyon blew, on top thereof comes out:
On Lyons necke, along his legges he layes,
Two Gauntlets white, are lying there about.
An auncient Squire, he was and of good race,
As by his Armes, appeares in many a place:
His houſe and lands, not farre from thence doth ſhoe,
His birth and blood, was great right long agoe.

The trimmeſt glaſſe, that may in windowe bee,
(Wherein the rote, of Jeſſe well is wrought)
At Aulter head, of Church now ſhall you ſee,
Yea all the glaſſe, of Church was deerely bought.

Offaes Dyke.

Within two myles, there is a famous thing,
Cal'de Offaes Dyke, that reacheth farre in length:
All kind of ware, the Danes might thether bring,
It was free ground, and cal'de the Britaines ſtrength.

Wats Dyke.

Wats Dyke likewiſe, about the ſame was ſet,
Betweene which two, both Danes and Britaines met,
And trafficke ſtill, but paſſing bounds by ſleight,
The one did take, the other priſner streight.

Thus foes could meete, (as many tymes they may)
And doe no harme, when profite ment they both:
Good rule and lawe, makes baddeſt things to ſtay,
That els by rage, to wretched reuell goeth.
The bruteſt beaſts, that ſauage are of kynd,
Together comes, as ſeaſon is aſſynde:
The angryeſt men, that can no friendſhip byde,
Muſt ceace from warre, when peace appalles their pryde.

Now let this goe, and call in haſte to minde,
Trim Wrickſam Towne, a pearle of Denbighſhiere:
In whoſe fayre Church, a Tombe of ſtone I finde,
Under a wall, right hand on ſide of Quére.
On th'other ſide, one Pilſon lyes in graue,
Whoſe hearſe of blacke, ſayth he a Tombe ſhall haue:
In Quére lyes Hope, by Armes of gentle race,
Of function once, a rector in that place.

Robert Howell lyes there a Gentleman.

But ſpeake of Church, and ſteéple as I ought,
My pen to baſe, ſo fayre a worke to touch:
Within and out, they are ſo finely wrought,
I cannot praiſe, the workmanſhip too much.
But buylt of late, not eight ſcore yéeres agoe,
Not of long tyme, the date thereof doth ſhoe:
No common worke, but ſure a worke moſt fine,
As though they had, bin wrought by power deuine.

The ſteéple there, in forme is full foure ſquare,
Yet euery way, fiue pinnackles appéere:
Trim Pictures fayre, in ſtone on outſide are,
Made all like waxe, as ſtone were nothing déere.
The height ſo great, the breadth ſo bigge withall,
No peece thereof, is likely long to fall,
A worke that ſtands, to ſtayne a number more,
In any age, that hath bin buylt before.

A generall Commendation of Gentilitie.

NEre Wrickſam dwels, of Gentlemen good ſtore,
Of calling ſuch, as are right well to liue:
By Market towne, I haue not ſeene no more,
(In ſuch ſmall roume) that auncient Armes doe giue.

They

In Maylor, are all theſe Gentlemen. Maiſter Roger Pilſons houſe at Itchlay.

They are the ioye, and gladneſſe of the poore,
That daylye feedes, the hungrie at their doore:
In any Soyle, where Gentlemen are found,
Some houſe is kept, and bountie doth abound.

Maiſter Almmer at Pantyokin. Maiſter Iohn Pilſon of Berſan. Maiſter Edward Iones of Cadoogan. Maiſter Iames Eaton of Eatton. Maiſter Edward Eaton by Ruabon. Maiſter Owen Brueton of Borras. Maiſter Iohn Pilſon of Haberdewerne. Maiſter Thomas Powell of Horſley. Maiſter Iohn Treuar of Treuolin.

They beautifie, both Towne and Countrey two,
And furniſht are, to ſerue at neede in feeld:
And euery thing, in rule and order do,
And vnto God, and man due honour yeeld.
They are the ſtrength, and ſuretie of the Land,
In whoſe true hearts, doth truſt and credit ſtand,
By whoſe wiſe heads, the neighbours ruled are,
In whom the Prince, repoſeth greateſt care.

They are the flowers, of euery garden ground,
For where they want, there growes but wicked weedes:
Their tree and fruite, in rotten world is ſownd,
Their noble mynds, will bring forth faithfull deedes:
Their glorie reſts, in Countries wealth and fame,
They haue reſpect, to blood and auncient name:
They weigh nothing, ſo much as loyall hart,
Which is moſt pure, and cleane in euery part.

A gene all praiſe of all Gentlemen inhabiting of any Countrey.

They doe vphold, all ciuill maners mylde,
All manly acts, all wiſe and worthie waies:
If they were not, the Countrey would grow wylde,
And we ſhould ſone, forget our elders daies:
Ware blunt of wit, in ſpeech growe rude and rough,
Want vertue ſtill, and haue of vice enough.
Shewe feeble ſpirite, lacke courage euery where,
Dout many a thing, and our owne ſhadowes feare.

They dare attempt, for fame and hye renowne,
To ſcale the Clowdes, if men might clyme the ayre:
Aſſault the Starres, and plucke the Planets downe,
Giue charge on Moone, and Sunne that ſhines ſo fayre.

I meane they dare, attempt the greateſt things,
Flye ſwiftly ore, high Hilles if they had wings:
Beate backe the Seas, and teare the Mountaines too,
Yea what dare not, a man of courage do.

Now muſt I turne, to my diſcourſe agayne,
I Wrickſam leaue, and pen out further place:
So if my muſe, were now in pleaſant vayne,
Holt Caſtle ſhould, from verſe receiue ſome grace:
The Seate is fine, and trimly buylt about,
With lodgings fayre, and goodly roumes throughout,
Strong Vaults and Caues, and many an old deuice,
That in our daies, are held of worthie price.

Holt Caſtle an excellent fine place, the Riuer of Dee running by it.

Maiſter Hanmer dwelles there.

That place muſt paſſe, with praiſe and ſo adue,
My muſe is bent, (and pen is readie preſt)
To feede your eares, with other matters newe,
That yet remaines, in head and labouring breſt.
A Mountaine towne, that is Thlangothlan calde,
A pretie Seate, but not well buylt nor walde,
Stands in the way, to Yale and Writhen both,
Where are great Hilles, and Plaines but fewe for troth.

Maiſter Euans Hud dwelles in Yale, in a fayre houſe.

Caſtle Dynoſebraen on a wooddie hill on the one ſide, & Greene Caſtle on the other.

Of Mountaines now, in deede my muſe muſt runne,
The Poets there, did dwell as fables fayne:
Becauſe ſome ſay, they would be neere the Sunne,
And taſte ſometymes, the froſt, the cold, and rayne,
To iudge of both, which is the chiefe and beſt.
Who knowes no toyle, can neuer ſkill of reſt,
Who alwaies walkes, on carpet ſoft and gay,
Knowes not hard Hilles, nor likes the Mountaine way.

A Bridge of ſtone very faire there ſtands ouer Dee.

A diſcourſe of Mountaynes.

Maiſter Lakon.
Ma. Thlude of Yale.

DAme Nature drew, theſe Mountaynes in ſuch ſort,
As though the one, ſhould yelde the other grace:

The worthines

Or as each Hill, it ſelfe were ſuch a Fort,
They ſcornde to ſtoope, to giue the Cannon place.
If all were playne, and ſmoth like garden ground,
Where ſhould hye woods, and goodly groues be found?
The eyes delight, that lookes on euery coaſt,
With pleaſures great, and fayre proſpect were loſt.

On Hill we bewe, farre of both feeld and flood,
Feele heate or cold, and ſo ſucke vp ſweete ayre:
Behold beneath, great wealth and worldly good,
See walled Townes, and looke on Countries fayre,
And who ſo ſits, or ſtands on Mountayne hye,
Hath halfe a world, in compaſſe of his eye:
A platforme made, of Nature for the nonce,
Where man may looke, on all the earth at once.

Theſe ragged Rocks, brings playneſt people forth,
On Mountaine wyld, the hardeſt Horſe is bred:
Though graſſe thereon, be groſſe and little worth,
Sweete is the foode, where hunger ſo is fed.
On rootes and hearbs, our fathers long did feede,
And nere the Skye, growes ſweeteſt fruit in deede:
On marriſh meares, and watrie moſſie ground,
Are rotten weedes, and rubbiſh drofſe vnſound.

The fogges and miſts, that riſe from vale belowe,
A reaſon makes, that higheſt Hilles are beſt:
And when ſuch fagges, doth ore the Mountayne goe,
In foulеſt daies, fayre weather may be geſt.
As bitter blaſts, on Mountaynes bigge doth blowe,
So nayſome ſmels, and ſauours breede belowe:
The Hill ſtands cleere, and cleane from filthie ſmell,
They finde not ſo, that doth in Valley dwell.

The Mountayne men, liue longer many a yeere,
Then thoſe in Vale, in playne or marriſh ſoyle:

A luſtie hart, a cleane complexion clére
They have on hill, that for hard liuing toyle.
With Ewe and Lambe, with Goates and Kids they play,
In greateſt toyles, to rub out wearie day:
And when to houſe, and home good fellowes drawe,
The lads can laugh, at turning of a ſtrawe.

No ayre ſo pure, and wholeſome as the hill,
Both man and beaſt, delights to be thereon:
In heate or cold, it kéepes one nature ſtill,
Trim neate and dyce, and gay to go vpon.
A place moſt fit, for paſtime and good ſporte,
To which wyld Stagge, and Bucke doth ſtill reſorte:
To cryc of Hounds, the Mountayne ecco yéelds,
A grace to Vale, a beautie to the feelds.

It ſtands for woꝛld, as though a watch it were,
A ſtately gard, to keepe greene meddowe myld:
The Poets fayne, on ſhoulders it doth beare
The Heauens hye, but there they are begyld.
The maker firſt, of Mountayne and of Vale,
Made hill a wall, to clip about the Dale:
A ſtrong defence, for néedfull fruit and Corne,
That els by blaſt, might quickly be forlorne.

If boyſtrous wynds, were not withſtood by ſtrength,
Repulſt by force, and dyiuen backward too,
They would deſtroy, our earthly ioyes at length,
And through their rage, they would much miſchiefe doo.
God ſawe what ſmart, and griefe the earth would byde
By ſturdie ſtormes, and pearcing tempeſts pryde:
So Mountaynes made, to ſaue the lower ſoyle,
For feare the earth, ſhould ſuffer ſhamefull ſpoyle.

How could weake leaues, and bloſſomes hang on tree,
If boyſtring wynds, ſhould braunches dayly beate:

How could poore ſoules, in Cottage quiet bee,
If higher grounds, did not defend their ſeate.
Who buylds his bower, right vnder foote of hill,
Hath little cold, and weather warme at will:
Thus proue I here, the Mountaine frendeth all,
Stands ſtiffe gaynſt ſtormes, like ſteele or brazen wall.

You may compare, a King to Mountayne hye,
Whoſe princely power, can byde both brunt and ſhocke
Of bitter blaſt, or Thunderbolt from Skye,
His Fortreſſe ſtands, vpon ſo firme a Rocke.
A Prince helps all, and both ſo ſtrongly ſit,
That none can harme, by fraude, by force nor wit.
The weake muſt leane, where ſtrength doth moſt remayne,
The Mountayne great, commaunds the little Playne.

As Mountayne is, a noble ſtately thing,
Thruſt full of ſtones, and Rocks as hard as ſteele:
A peereles peece, comparde vnto a King,
Who ſits full faſt, on top of Fortunes wheele:
So is the Dale, a place of ſuttle ayre,
A den of droſſe, oft tymes more foule then fayre:
A durtie Soyle, where water long doth byde,
Yet ritch withall, it cannot be denyde.

But wealth mars wit, and weares out vertue cleane,
An eating worme, a Cancker paſt recure:
A trebble loude, but not a merrie meane,
That Muſick makes, but rather iarres procure:
A ſtirrer vp, of ſtrife and leaud debate,
The ground of warre, that ſtayneth euery ſtate
With gifres and bribes, that greedie glutton feedes
And fills the gut, whereon great treaſon breedes.

Wealth fofters pride, and heaues vp haughtie hart,
Makes wit oreweene, and man beleeue to farre:

Infects the mynd, with vice in euery part,
That quickly sets, the sences all at warre.
In Valley rich, these mischiefes nourisht are,
God planted peace, on Mountayne poore and bare:
By sweat of browes, the people liues on Hill,
Not sleight of brayne, ne craft nor cunning skill.

Where dwels disdayne, discord or dubble wayes,
But where ritch Cubs, and currish Karles are found:
Where is more loue, who hath more happie daies,
Then those poore hynds, that digges and delues the ground.
Perhaps you say, so hard the Rocks may bee,
Ne Corne nor grasse, nor plough thereon you see:
Yet loe the Lord, such blessing there doth giue,
That sweet content, with Oten Cakes can liue.

Sowre Whey and Curds, can yeeld a sugred taste,
Where sweete Martchpane, as yet was neuer knowne:
When emptie gorge, hath bole of Milke embrast,
And Cheese and bread, hath daply of his owne,
He craues no feast, nor seekes no banquets fine,
He can dilgest, his dinner without wine:
So toyles out life, and likes full well this trade,
Not fearing death, because his count is made.

Who sleepes so sound, as he that hath no Sheepe,
Nor heard of Beasts, to pasture and to feede:
Who feares the Wolfe, but he who Lambes doth keepe,
And many an howre, is forst to watch in deede.
Though gold be gay, and corpall in his kynd,
The losse of wealth, grypes long a greedie mynd,
Poore Mountayne folke, possesse not such great store,
But when its gon, they care not much therefore.

The worthines of Yale a little to be ſpoken of.

The names of the Riuers of Denbighſhire. Keeriock parts Shropſhere & Dēbighſhere, before Chirk. Dee at newe Bridge, and Thlangothlen.

THE Countrie Yale, hath Hilles and Mountaynes hye,
Small Valleys there, ſaue where the Brookes do ron:
So many Springs, that field that ſoyle is drye:
God Turffe and Peate, on moſſie ground is won,
Wherewith good fires, is made for man moſt meete,
That burneth cleere, and yeelds a ſauour ſweete
To thoſe which haue, no noſe for daynties ſmell,
The finer ſort, were beſt in Court to dwell.

Aleyn in the valley of Yale. Clanweddock in the fayre vale of Dufrin Cloyd. Cloyd receiues Clanweddock and Elwye by Saint Aſſe. Iſtrade by Denbigh.

This Soyle is cold, and ſubiect vnto winde,
Hard duſkie Rocks, all couered ore full dim:
Where if winde blowe, ye ſhall foule weather finde,
And thinke you feele, the bitter blaſts full grim.
But though cold bytes, the face and outward ſkin,
The ſtomacke loe, is thereby warm'd within.
For ſtill more meate, the Mountayne men diſgeſt,
Then in the playne, you finde among the beſt.

Rathad comes to the Vorney. Keynthleth comes into Rayhad.

Here is hard waies, as earth and Mountayne yeelds,
Some ſoftneſſe too, as tract of foote hath made:
But to the Dames, for walke no pleaſant feelds,
Nor no great woods, to ſhroud them in the ſhade.
Yet Sheepe and Goates, are plentie here in place,
And good welſh Nagges, that are of kindeſt race:
With goodly nowt, both fat and bigge with bone,
That on hard Rocks, and Mountayne feedes alone.

Of Wrythen now, I treate as reaſon is,
But liſence craue, to talke on ſuch a Scate:
Excuſe my ſkill, where pen or muſe doth miſ,
Where knowledge faples, the cunning is not great.

But

But ere I write, a verſe vpon that Spoyle,
I will crye out, of Tyme that all doth ſpoyle:
As age weares youth, and youth giues age the place,
So Tyme weares world, and doth old works diſgrace.

A diſcourſe of Tyme.

O Tract of Tyme, that all conſumes to duſt,
We hold thee not, for thou art bald behinde:
The fayreſt Sword, or mettall thou wilt ruſt,
And brighteſt things, bring quickly out of minde.
The trimmeſt Towers, and Caſtles great and gay,
In proceſſe long, at length thou doeſt decay:
The braueſt houſe, and princely buildings rare,
Thou waſts and weares, and leaues the walles but bare.

O Cancker vyle, that creepes in hardeſt mold,
The Marble ſtone, or Flint thy force ſhall feele:
Thou haſt a power, to pearce and eate the gold,
Fling downe the ſtrong, and make the ſtout to reele.
O walking worme, that eates ſweete kernels all,
And makes the Nut, to duſt and powder fall:
O glutton great, that feedes on each mans ſtore,
And yet thy ſelfe, no better art therefore.

Tyme all conſumes, and helps it ſelfe no whit,
As fire by flame, burnes coales to cinders ſmall:
Tyme ſteales in man, much like an Agew fit,
That weares the face, the fleſh the ſkinne and all.
O wretched ruſt, that wilt not ſcoured bee,
O dreadfull Tyme, the world is feard of thee:
Thou flingeſt flat, the higheſt Tree that growes,
And tryumph makes, on pompe and paynted ſhowes.

But moſt of all, my muſe doth blame thee now,
For throwing downe, a rare and godly Seate:

The worthines

By Wrythen Towne, a noble Caſtle throwe,
That in tyme paſt, had many a lodging greate,
And Towers moſt fayre, that long a buylding was,
Where now God wot, there growes nothing but graſſe:
The ſtones lye waſte, the walles ſeemes but a ſhell
Of little worth, where once a Prince might dwell.

Of Wrythen, both the Caſtle *and the Towne.*

The Caſtle of Wrythen is yet outwardly a marueilous faire and large princely place.

This Caſtle ſtands, on Rocke much like red Bricke,
The Dykes are cut, with tole through ſtonie Cragge:
The Towers are hye, the walles are large and thicke,
The worke it ſelfe, would ſhake a Subiects bagge,
If he were bent, to build the like againe:
It reſts on mount, and lookes ore wood and Plaine:
It had great ſtore, of Chambers finely wrought,
That tyme alone, to great decay hath brought.

It ſhewes within, by dubble walles and waies,
A deepe deuice, did firſt erect the ſame:
It makes our world, to thinke on elders daies,
Becauſe the worke, was fownde in ſuch a frame.
One tower or wall, the other anſwers right,
As though at call, each thing ſhould pleaſe the ſight:
The Rocke wrought round, where euery tower doth ſtand,
Set forth full fine, by head by hart and hand.

There is a Poole here abouts that hath in it a kynd of fiſh that no other water can ſhewe.

And faſt hard by, runnes Cloyd a Riuer ſwift,
In winter tyme, that ſwelles and ſpreads the feeld:
That water ſure, hath ſuch a ſecret gift,
And ſuch rare Fiſh, in ſeaſon due doth yeld,
As is moſt ſtraunge: let men of knowledge now
Of ſuch hid cauſe, ſearch out the nature throwe:

A Pole there is, through which this Cloyd doth paſſe,
Where is a Fiſh, that ſome a Whiting call:
Where neuer yet, no Sammon taken was,
Yet hath good ſtore, of other Fiſhes all
Aboue that Pole, and ſo beneath that flood
Are Sammons caught, and many a Fiſh full good:
But in the ſame, there will no Sammon bée,
And néere that Pole, you ſhall no Whiting ſee.

I haue left out, a Riuer and a Vale,
And both of them, are fayre and worthie note:
Who will them ſeeke, ſhall finde them ſtill in Yale,
They beare ſuch fame, they may not be forgot.
The Riuer runnes, a myle right vnder ground,
And where it ſpringes, the iſſue doth abound:
And into Dée, this water doth diſſend,
So loſeth name, and therein makes an end.

A Riuer called Aleyn, in the valley of Yale.

Good ground likewiſe, this Valley ſeemes to bee,
And many a man, of wealth is dwelling there:
On Mountayne top, the Valley ſhall you ſee
All ouer greene, with goodly Meddowes feare.
This Valley hath, a noble neighbour néere,
Wherein the Towne, of Wrythen doth appéere:
Which Towne ſtands well, and wants no pleaſant ayre,
The noble Soyle, and Countrey is ſo fayre.

The valley of Yale.

A Church there is, in Wrythen at this day,
Wherein Lord Gray, that once was Earle of Kent,
In Tombe of ſtone, amid the Chauncell lay:
But ſince remou'd, as worldly matters went,
And in a wall, ſo layd as now he lyes
Right hand of Quéere, full playne before your eyes:
An Anckres too, that nere that wall did dwell,
With trim wrought worke, in wall is buryed well.

The Earle of Kent lyes here.

An Anckres in King Henrie the fourths tyme buryed here.

Now to the Vale, of worthie Dyffrin Cloyd,
My muſe muſt paſſe, a Soyle moſt ritch and gay:
This noble Seate, that neuer none anoyd,
That ſawe the ſame, and rode or went that way:
The vewe thereof, ſo much contents the mynd,
The ayre therein, ſo wholeſome and ſo kynd:
The beautie ſuch, the breadth and length likewiſe,
Makes glad the hart, and pleaſeth each mans eyes.

The pleaſant vale of Diffrin Cloyd.

This Vale doth reach, ſo farre in vewe of man,
As he farre of, may ſee the Seas in deede:
And who a while, for pleaſure trauayle can
Throughout this Vale, and thereof take good heede,
He ſhall delight, to ſee a Soyle ſo fine,
For ground and graſſe, a paſſing plot deuine.
And if the troth, thereof a man may tell,
This Vale alone, doth all the reſt excell.

As it belowe, a wondrous beautie ſhowes,
The Hilles aboue, doth grace it trebble fold:
On euery ſide, as farre as Valley goes,
A border bigge, of Hilles ye ſhall behold:
They keepe the Vale, in ſuch a quiet ſort,
That birds and beaſts, for ſuccour there reſort:
Yea flocks of foule, and heards of beaſts ſometyme,
Drawes there from ſtorme, when tempeſts are in pryme.

The Vale throughly deſcribed.

Three Riuers in this Vale.

A naturall ſecret touched.

Three Riuers run, amid the bottome heere,
Iſtrade, and Cloyd, Clanweddock (loe) the third:
The noyſe of ſtreames, in Sommer morning cleere,
The chirp and charme, and chaunt of euery bird
That paſſeth there, a ſecond Heauen is:
No hellish ſound, more like an earthly blis:
A Muſick ſweete, that through our eares ſhall creepe,
By ſecret arte, and lull a man a ſleepe.

The Caſtle of Cargoorley
in Denbighſhiere,

CArgoorley comes, right now to paſſe my pen,
With ragged walles, yea all to rent and torne
As though it had, bin neuer knowne to men,
Or careleſſe leſt, as wretched thing forlorne:
Like begger bare, as naked as my naple,
It lyes along, whoſe wracke doth none bewayle.
But if ſhe knewe, to whom it doth pertayne,
What royalties, and honors doth remayne
Unto that Seate, it ſhould repayred bee,
For further cauſe, then common people ſee.

Thomas Salesburie of Lleweni.
Robert Salesburie of Bachenbid.
Foulk Lloyd of Houllan.
Piers Holland of Kynmel.
Piers Owen of Abergele.
Edward Thekall of Beren.
William Wyn of Llamuaire.
Elis Price of Spitty.
Iohn Middleton.

But ſondrie things, that are full farre from ſight,
Are out of mynd, and cleane forgot in fine:
So ſuch as haue, thereto but little right,
Poſſeſſe the ſame, by leauell and by line,
Or els by hap, or ſuite as often falles:
But what of that, Cargoorleys rotten walles
Can neuer bring, his betters in diſpute,
That hath perchaunce, bin got by hap or ſute:
So reſt good muſe, and ſpeake no further heere,
Leaſt by theſe words, ſome hidden thoughts appeere.

Kings giue and take, ſo tyme ſtill rouleth on,
Good Subiects ſerue, for ſomewhat more or leſſe:
And when we ſee, our fathers old are gon,
Of tyme to come, we haue a greater geſſe.
Firſt how to gayne, by preſent tyme and ſtate,
Then what may fall, by futer tyme and date:
Tyme paſt growes cold, and ſo the world lukewarme
Doth helpe it ſelfe, by Caſtle, houſe or Farme:
That reach is good, that rule my frends God ſend,
Which well begin, and makes a vertuous end.

O Denbigh now, appeare thy turne is next,
I nede no gloſe, nor ſhade to ſet thee out:
For if my pen, doe followe playneſt text,
And paſſe next way, and goe nothing about,
Thou ſhalt be knowne, as worthie well thou art,
The nobleſt Sople, that is in any part:
And for thy Seate, and Caſtle doe compare,
With any one, of Wales what ere they are.

The ſtrongeſt Caſtle & ſeate that euer man beheld.

This Caſtle ſtands, on top of Rocke moſt hye,
A mightie Cragge, as hard as flint or ſteele:
A maſſie mount, whoſe ſtones ſo deepe doth lye,
That no deuice, may well the bottome feele.
The Rocke diſcends, beneath the auncient Towne,
About the which, a ſtately wall goes downe,
With buyldings great, and poſternes to the ſame,
That goes through Rocke, to giue it greater fame.

Marke wel the ſituation and buylding of the ſame.

I want good words, and reaſons apt therefore,
It ſelfe ſhall ſhewe, the ſubſtance of my tale:
But yet my pen, muſt tell here ſomewhat more,
Of Caſtles praiſe, as I haue ſpoke of Vale.
A ſtrength of ſtate, ten tymes as ſtrong as fayre,
Yet fayre and fine, with dubble walles full thicke,
Like tarres trim, to take the open ayre,
Made of Freeſtone, and not of burned Bricke:
No buylding there, but ſuch as man might ſay,
The worke thereof, would laſt till Judgement day.

The Seate ſo ſure, not ſubiect to a Hill,
Nor yet to Myne, nor force of Cannon blaſt:
Within that houſe, may people walke at will,
And ſtand full ſafe, till daunger all be paſt.
If Cannon roade, or barkt againſt the wall,
Frends there may ſay, a figge for enemies all:
Fiue men within, may keepe out numbers greate,
(In furious ſort) that ſhall approach that Seate.

Wha

Who ſtands on Rocke, and lookes right downe alone,
Shall thinke belowe, a man is but a child:
I ſought my ſelfe, from top to fling a ſtone
With full mayne force, and yet I was begyld.
If ſuch a height, the mightie Rocke be than,
Ne force nor fleight, nor ſtout attempt of man,
Can win the Fort, if houſe be furniſht throw,
The troth whereof, let world be witneſſe now.

A practiſe by the Author proued.

It is great payne, from foote of Rocke to clyme
To Caſtle wall, and it is greater toyle
On Rocke to goe, yea any ſtep ſometyme
Vpryghtly yet, without a faule or foyle.
And as this Seate, and Caſtle ſtrongly ſtands,
Paſt winning ſure, with engin ſword or hands:
So lookes it ore, the Countrey farre or neere,
And ſhines like Torch, and Lanterne of the Sheere.

Wherefore Denbigh, thou beareſt away the praiſe,
Denbigh hath got, the garland of our daies:
Denbigh reapes fame, and lawde a thouſand waies,
Denbigh my pen, vnto the Clowdes ſhall raiſe.
The Caſtle there, could I in order drawe,
It ſhould ſurmount, now all that ere I ſawe.

A great glorie giuen to Denbigh.

¶ *Of Valey Crucis Thlangothlan, and* the Caſtle Dynoſebrane.

THe great deſire, to ſee Denbigh at full,
Did drawe my muſe, from other matter true:
But as that ſight, my mynd away did pull
From former things, I ſhould preſent to you.
So duetie bids, a writer to be playne,
And things left out, to call to mynd agayne:
Thlangothlan then, muſt yet come once in place,
For diuers notes, that giues this booke ſome grace.

The Abbey of Valey Crucis.

An Abbey nere, that Mountayne towne there is,
Whose walles yet stand, and steeple to likewise:
But who that rides, to see the troth of this,
Shall thinke he mounts, on hilles vnto the Skyes.
For when one hill, behind your backe you see,
Another comes, two tymes as hye as hee:
And in one place, the Mountaynes stands so there,
In roundnesse such, as it a Cockpit were.

Their height is great, and full of narrowe waies,
And steepe downe right, of force ye must descend:
Some houses are, buylt there but of late daies,
Full vnderneath, the monstrous Mountaynes end:
Amid them all, and those as man may gesse,
When rayne doth fall, doth stand in sore distresse:
For mightie streames, runnes ore both house and thatch,
When for their liues, powre men on Hilles must watch.

Castle Dynasebraen.

Beyond the same, and yet on Hill full hye,
A Castle stands, an old and ruynous thing:
That haughtie house, was buylt in weathers eye,
A prettie pyle, and pleasure for a King.
A Fort, a Strength, a strong and stately Hold
It was at first, though now it is full old:
On Rocke alone, full farre from other Mounte
It stands, which shewes, it was of great account.

A goodly bridge of stone here.

The Towne and the bridge with the vyolent Riuer before that Towne.

Betweene the Towne, and Abbey built it was,
The Towne is nere, the goodly Riuer Dee,
That vnderneath, a Bridge of stone doth passe,
And still on Rocke, the water runnes you see
A wondrous way, a thing full rare and straunge,
That Rocke cannot, the course of water chaunge:
For in the streame, huge stones and Rocks remayne,
That backward might, the flood of force constrayne.

From

From thence to Chirke, are Mountaynes all a rowe,
As though in ranke, and battaile Mountaynes ſtood:
And ouer them, the bitter winde doth blowe,
And whirles betwixt, the valley and the wood.
Chirke is a place, that parts another Sheere,
And as by Trench, and Mount doth well appeere:
It kept thoſe bounds, from foꝛrayne foꝛce and power,
That men might ſleepe, in ſuretie euery howeꝛ.

Here Denbighſhiere, departs from writers pen,
And Flintſhiere now, comes bꝛauely marching in,
With Caſtles fine, with pꝛoper Townes and men,
Whereof in verſe, my matter muſt begin:
Not foꝛ to fayne, and pleaſe the tender eares,
But to be playne, as woꝛlds eye witneſſe beares:
Not by hereſay, as fables are ſet out,
But by good pꝛofe, of bewe to bꝛyd a dout.

A little ſpoke of Flintſhiere.

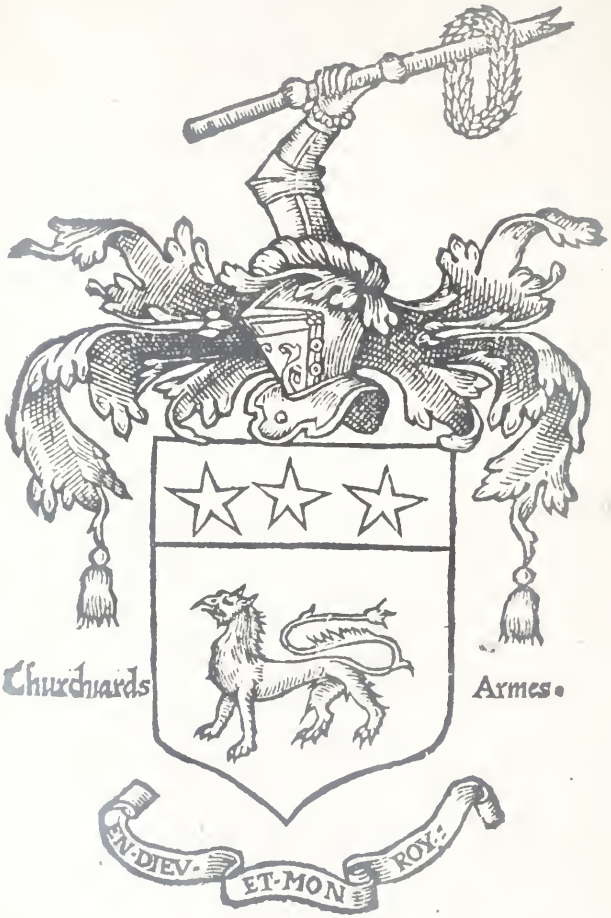
The Author fell ſicke here.

When Sommer ſweete, hath blowne oꝛ Winters blaſt,
And waies ware hard, that now are ſoft and foule:
When calmie Skyes, ſayth bitter ſtoꝛmes are paſt,
And Clowdes ware cleere, that now doth lowꝛe and ſkoule,
My muſe I hope, ſhall be reuiu'de againe,
That now lyes dead, oꝛ rockt a ſleepe with paine.
Foꝛ labour long, hath wearied ſo the wit,
That ſtudious head, a while in reſt muſt ſit:
But when the Spꝛing, comes on with newe delite,
You ſhall from me, heare what my muſe doth wꝛite.

The writer takes here breath till a better ſeaſon ſerues.

Here endeth my firſt booke of the worthines of Wales: which being wel taken, wil encourage me to ſet foꝛth another: in which woꝛk, not only the reſt of the Shieres (that now are not written of) ſhalbe oꝛderly put in pꝛint, but likewiſe all ẏ auncient Armes of Gentlemen there in general ſhalbe plainly deſcribed & ſet out, to the open bewe of the woꝛld, if God permit me life and health, towards the finiſhing of ſo great a labour.

FINIS. Thomas Churchyard.



Churchiards Armes.

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